



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General

SOMETHING of an important nature is about to happen in the Liberal household up in the Queen's Park. The neighbors are all agog. For several days and nights past they have observed the increasing bustle and excitement around the old homestead—strange faces coming and going by day, and lights moving at all hours of the night in unaccustomed windows, sending across the snow slanting gleams that filter through the trees with their bare limbs shivering in the frosty air. This sounds like the opening chapter of a romance, but read on. Visitors arrive on all incoming trains and many of them impress the neighbors as being either spiritual or medical advisers. There is something doing. But whether the expected event is to be a birth, a marriage or a death, the neighbors cannot as yet determine.

In other words Premier Ross has tackled the ticklish temperance question. In yet other words, the Liberal caucus has to solve the difficult question of how to abolish the bar without offending the proprietor. It is not a nice position for any caucus to be in. Nor is it surprising to hear that the Liberal members of the House have twice met and adjourned without finding any happy solution of the problem. The only scheme that could be unanimously supported would be one that would suppress the liquor traffic without interfering with it in any way—one that would concede to prohibitionists all that they ask without taking from the licensed victuallers anything they have. It is not easy, therefore, to draft a proposal that will win the unanimous approval of the caucus. Nor has Premier Ross any margin in his majority to come and go on.

Everybody knows that Mr. Ross is himself a prohibitionist and willing to go as far as anyone could desire in that direction. But he has always been restrained by his party and by those ponderous circumstances which block the way—and which will, no doubt, continue to block it. Rumor credits the Premier with urging on the caucus a measure abolishing all bars and confining the sale of liquor to shops to be owned and controlled by Government. He is represented as adhering to his views against a majority of his followers. The possibilities of the situation are curious. Should he succeed in getting his bill through the caucus, he will certainly lose some of his supporters when the measure is voted on in the House. How many Conservative votes he would get I do not know. Perhaps three or four, but if the vote were so close that three or four Conservative prohibitionists in the Legislature were compelled to choose whether they would vote out Mr. Ross or the liquor traffic, it is pretty safe betting that they would choose to endure the traffic a little longer. If the Premier goes on with his measure he will lose more support in the House than he can win over from the other side. If he goes on he goes to defeat. If he were beaten in a vote in the Legislature on such a measure, he would probably be granted the right to appeal to the country, although this is a point the Lieutenant-Governor would have to decide. If he appealed to the country on this question, the Liberal party would be split down the middle and I think Mr. Ross and his prohibition bill would be beaten. Prohibition would split the Liberal party, and politics would split the prohibition party. Temperance men on the Conservative side would not be going to the polls in that calm and highly moral state of mind that distinguished them at the time of the plebiscite or the referendum. Temperance men in the Liberal party would work hard, their politics intensifying their zeal, but their zeal estranging many others who are not temperance men.

Some of these in the Cabinet would necessarily resign, and many Liberal members would necessarily retire, or be put in so anomalous a position that their defeat would be certain. With this the only issue, quite a few Liberal papers would probably split off for the time being, or give a merely formal support to the Ross candidates. In fact, a general election on that issue would play the mischief with the politics of a province that has had no issue to consider for many long years. It may be that Mr. Ross, if he contemplates bringing on this fight, expects to win because of the big prohibition votes that have been recorded, but if this be his opinion he overrates the earnestness of thousands who were prevailed upon to vote for the abstract principle of prohibition. Perhaps he does not expect to win, but only to go down with flying colors, and—enter Dominion politics. Or, if beaten once, he might choose to stay in the provincial field expecting to win on the prohibition issue four years later. And it is possible that he could do it, for it looks as if Ontario will not be satisfied until provincial prohibition has been tried and has failed. The Scott Act was urged on the people of many of our counties as the means by which the country could be saved. How it pestered out everybody knows. Among all the countries in the world that use alcoholic stimulants there is no people so abstemious as Canadians. We consume less liquor per head than any other people, and we do it in a climate where drink is least injurious. As a young country dependent more perhaps than any other on the favor of the world, whose citizens we covet to settle the vast vacancies that embarrass us, we should be the last to enact summary laws and fasten crank restraints on social and individual freedom. In Toronto we have a growing city, one of the finest to be found in a man's travels the world over. Those who think they can make of this place a paradise by closing the bars, or who think they can suppress the consumption of liquor here, will find themselves seriously in error if they succeed in getting the opportunity to try it. Men who live in the artificial atmosphere of the paragon and the manse, and whose information about life is sterilized before it reaches them, may not see any difficulty in enforcing prohibition in Toronto. But there are plenty who do know. The question, however, is what will Mr. Ross do in a worst case. He will do nothing this session unless he is prepared to force the issue so that he may retire in a crisis of his own making.

ONE day last week Rev. H. J. Cody in addressing the Empire Club made some remarks concerning school teachers which are well worthy of greater publicity and consideration than they have received. In brief, Mr. Cody believes that children, boys especially, should be taught by men. At present a large majority of the teachers, more particularly in the public schools, are women—often young girls, in fact. The natural result of this state of affairs is that discipline among school children is quoted at about fifty per cent. below par. It cannot be denied that women may have quite as much mental capacity and scholarship as their colleagues of the other sex, nevertheless they are quite unsuited to the occupation of making well-behaved and manly men out of the rough material that passes through their hands in the form of boys. The proper control and education of a boy is about as hard a proposition as mule-breaking in winter. It demands tact, decision, a thorough knowledge of boy nature, and above all else a reserve supply of physical force—not that this last essential should ever be employed, but that the boy should not be permitted to be ignorant of its presence. Of these qualities a woman teacher may have one—tact—but the others, unless she be abnormal, she simply cannot possess. What does a woman know of boy nature? She has never been a boy, consequently she has at best a borrowed notion of the curves and kinks in his psychology. She can never see things from his viewpoint, and the boy knows it. In many things he adopts a sort of passive patronage and impatiently puts her down as a person who "never could understand." He has no respect for her authority, simply because it does not spring from native force—because it is borrowed from the head master. She can coax him and pet him and threaten to send him to the principal, but the boy knows that she is weak—that she has not that inherent force which the whole world, consciously or unconsciously, respects. Boys can not be expected to possess the mature refinement which prevents men from having contempt for woman's gentler nature. All they know about her is that she doesn't understand them, and that she hasn't half as big a "muscle" as they have. If a large percentage of schoolboys turn out to be unrestrained young rowdies when they have shaken the chalk of the blackboard

from their coat-sleeves, the lack of inflexible authority in our present system, which is incidental to women teachers having almost full swing, must be held in no small measure responsible. If we want to raise well-conducted, law-abiding citizens, with the habit of discipline thoroughly drilled into them, the men-making material will have to be taken in hand in the green and impressionable age and be bent into the shape that fits in with our ideas of what a man should be like. This material is not amenable to tears, coaxing, shaming, or threatening—nor does it require the club. Masculine authority supported by sound common sense and a good memory of the perversities of his own boyish intellect will enable a teacher to inspire a healthy respect and emulation, and thus make as much of the average youngster as could well be made of him.

SPEAKING of school children, reminds me of the mild rebellion of the four or five thousand youngsters that were recently corralled in Massey Hall in honor of the centenary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The conduct of the children on that occasion was unreservedly put down as "disgraceful," "shocking," "unseemly," and pretty nearly everything else that is usually considered objectionable. Doubtless a good deal of the inattention and uproar could be traced to the lack of discipline in the schools, to which I have already referred; but I am inclined to go a considerable distance with the youngsters in their protest. It should be remembered that they had a whole lot of provocation for breaking loose. They had not gone to Massey Hall of their own free will; they knew nothing of the subject dis-

is worse than useless. It defeats its own purpose by making sure that the suicide will take every precaution against failure. But, more than that, it seems to convince unfortunate or morbid persons that, if the crime is so injurious to the State that it deserves punishment, it is also sufficiently injurious to necessitate the public's coming to their financial rescue, that the tragedy may be prevented. If so much fuss were not made over the man who takes or threatens to take his own life, he would realize that the responsibility is his own and that he is the only person inconvenienced by his rashness.

THE hotel-keepers of Owen Sound, if they have any sense of gratitude, should get together and make the Council of that town a handsome present. The Council, aided or intimidated by that feather duster kind of citizen who is always so much in evidence wherever you go, has raised the license fee on cigarettes to two hundred and fifty dollars a year—a price that practically prohibits the sale of this form of shredded corn husks by tobaccoists. Thus hotels, which are controlled by the Provincial Legislature and not by the Council, are given an open field in a pretty profitable line of business. But besides the boom that the Council's act gives to their cigarette trade, the hotel men have now a strong drawing card to induce new customers to patronize their bars. While cigarettes are largely used by men old enough to know better, by far the largest part of their consumers is made up of youngsters from sixteen to twenty-four or twenty-five. It is a great graft for the bars to get hold of this young blood.



ALFRED DE SEVE.

Solo Violinist, late of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, now residing in Montreal, Can., who purchased the \$5,000.00 Andreas Guarnerius Violin from the Williams Collection.

cussed; and there was nothing in the entertainment that could much interest them. The most mannerly children in the world would have found it difficult to work themselves up to a state of wrapt attention when reams of heathen statistics were being unrolled. The only entertaining part of the programme—Inspector Hughes' turn—was a chestnut to them. They had seen him perform a score of times, and knew his lines before he spoke them. If the managers of the five-thousand-assembled-children show really wanted order they should have had guards posted at the end of each row of seats, with orders to enforce alternate silence and applause and prevent escape. Had the children been a voluntary audience, and cut up in the manner that so shocked people, the management would have good grounds for complaint; but when they were hustled off by their parents and teachers to something that they didn't know and didn't want to know anything about, something no more suited to a child's intellect than a lecture on the "Origin of Species," a rough house was to be counted on as a certainty. There is altogether too much of this trotting children out for show purposes. If an emperor, a king, or even a major-general blows into town, out come the youngsters, who are marched through the streets as if they were part of a newly arrived minstrel show or an Uncle Tom's Cabin road company. If something happened a hundred years ago, or is likely to happen a hundred years hence, that part of the population which is not big enough to resist is forced to play audience. If children are to be used chiefly for display purposes, Toronto might as well do the thing up properly and turn them into the Zoo; but if they are to be regarded as future respectable and self-supporting citizens they should be treated in a manner calculated to produce such a result.

IN the Police Court the other day a man was sent down as a vagrant who had attracted attention to himself by threatening to commit suicide in the Yonge Street Methodist Church unless someone came to his financial assistance. No doubt the man was in pretty hard circumstances or he would not have resorted to what he thought were heroic measures. His arrest on the charge of vagrancy, instead of threatened suicide, was a display of wise discrimination on the part of the authorities. Suicides are to a great extent epidemic—at present they are having quite a run—and I have no hesitation in saying that the wide publicity and mawkish sentiment that each case inspires are largely responsible. When the law classes self-destruction as a crime and punishes the attempt with imprisonment it only increases the atmosphere of theatrical tragedy that surrounds the act and magnifies the importance of the morbid and contemplating victim. The man in court the other day may have been only bluffing when he made his dire threat, but the chances are that he had worked himself up to such a state of egotism and self-pity that he was convinced of his own importance to society, and of the law's duty to rescue him from himself. As I pointed out last week, the law against self-destruction

About seventy-five per cent. of the rising generation in Owen Sound will be made familiar with the ways of the bar-room without having any prickings of conscience concerning their introduction. Of course a great many of the boys would have found their way there in due time under the old order of things, but the cigarette excuse will rob the hesitating of the last doubt concerning the propriety or necessity of entering. I don't profess to know whether cigarettes are seriously harmful or not. Medical authorities claim that they are no more injurious than any other form of smoke-weed, while the W.C.T.U. holds them to be pernicious, destructive, and everything else that the W.C.T.U. usually calls things. Of one thing I am certain, however, and that is that the injury done to young fellows in driving them into bar-rooms in search of cigarettes will be much more serious than the most unrestricted smoking could possibly be. The Owen Sound Council and the people behind them, who are responsible for this fussy and short-sighted high license business, have evidently realized their mistake, for they have presented, through Mr. A. G. McKay, M.P.P. for North Grey, a petition to the Legislature asking that the sale of cigarettes in bars be brought within the Municipal Act. If the petition should be granted the Owen Sound reformers will doubtless get busy and bring the bars under the two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar license regulation—with the expectation that the cigarette trade will be effectively stamped out. But I think there is a little disappointment coming to them that they haven't counted on. The increase in the license rate will not seriously affect the bars at all, for the removal of the tobaccoist's opposition will make the hotel men quite able to pay four times as high a license—and yet make more money than he did under the old system. It is evident, therefore, that no matter how the thing works out, the hotel-keeper's thanks are in order—he can't lose, whatever happens. The willing victim of the cigarette and the inoffensive tobaccoist seem likely to be the only ones hurt by this latest outbreak of meddlesome fussiness.

IN spite of the "Mail's" refusal to recognize the death of the late Senator Hanna, the people of the United States persist in regarding him as dead—consequently Mr. Roosevelt is looked on as the only Republican champion. The Democratic standard-bearer is still an unknown, though two or three modest men are ostentatiously shouting nay in the hope that they will be taken for dark horses. Cleveland has so frequently expressed his determination to keep out of politics that it is pretty certain he has strong hopes of the nomination. Bryan takes unto himself the robe of the seer and with elevated eyebrows talks calmly and patronizingly of the various possibilities. Hearst thunders his own glorification and blows himself up every day with a fresh blast of indignation over the wrongs of the people and the right of Hearst. The symptoms of the three men indicate the same mental trouble—the Presidential bee-sting. If Cleveland could get hold of a policy, he would have a pretty good show for the nomination; if Bryan could get rid of one, his chances would be strong; if

Hearst had three or four more big yellow papers to keep his horn tooting, he would be something like an easy winner. As it is, the three have about equal strong points and equal drawbacks. The people don't seem to know whether Cleveland's modesty is sincere or not, and the Bryanites hate him for his sound money foggyism; consequently he is not getting a great deal of boosting. Bryan has twice led his party to defeat, and his free silver bug has brought him the undying enmity of the Cleveland partisans; consequently he is thought dangerous. Hearst is looked on in the more sedate Democratic quarters as a giddy young thing—attractive, but too fond of gaudy colors to be sound. The New York papers are making pretty much of a butt of him, in an effort to slaughter him politically with ridicule, but business jealousy is too obvious an explanation of their enmity to enable it to do him much harm. The fact that he is a newspaper man is bound to make him many enemies among his business rivals, but his three great dailies, in New York, Chicago and San Francisco must exercise a tremendous influence in his favor. Because Hearst is young is no reason why his opponents can afford to ignore him. Because he is the proprietor of yellow journals is no reason why he should not make as good a President as either of the other possibilities. That he has made a success of everything he has touched is a pretty good indication that he has brains. Any young man, without experience, who can go into New York, start a great newspaper, and usurp the field of his keenest and most experienced opponent, is a long way from being a fool. His papers, good or bad, have pleased the people. That shows that he knows what they want. If he knows what they want he should be able to convince them that he is the man they need as their Presidential candidate. If Hearst gets the nomination the color of the Democratic party will be definitely known. With Hearst and Roosevelt as opposing Presidential candidates, the color of the nation will be undeniably revealed. In such a case the fight next fall will be a yellow war, with trusts and labor unions as the rival general staffs. There are, however, being published veiled but unmistakable suggestions that young Mr. Hearst has a "past" that will rise up against him—a private record that will be made public should he be nominated and which would ensure his defeat.

IN the land of the freebooter and home of the bravo, which lies to the south of our northern boundary line, the negro question is rapidly reaching the point where it will be answered so distinctly that this whole continent will hear it. Of late we haven't heard so much about lynching as we did a year or so ago; but that is only because the crime no longer causes so much comment—our neighbors take it pretty much as a matter of course. In reality, it is gaining in popularity every day. A few years ago Judge Lynch was content to jerk a rope and pull a gun. Now he makes free use of the oil and torch of the middle ages. Until recently he devoted his entire attention to the punishment of one crime. Now he has branched out and administers "justice" on a large scale. Lynching is no longer confined to men; negro women are also its victims. Booker T. Washington in a recent letter to the Southern press called attention to the fact that during the month of February, within two weeks, three negroes were burned at the stake—one of them a woman—and none of them had even been suspected of the crime that is supposed in the South to excuse the inhuman savagery of the mob. They were simply accused or suspected of murder. This is the natural outcome of a system that recognizes might as the only right. A good hot Southern jingo is ready to shoot on the slightest suggestion that the negro has such things as rights. The darky lives on the white man's tolerance, and whenever he becomes a bore or a nuisance he is converted into fuel. That the law nominally provides for the protection of blacks and whites alike is thought by good Cayenne-snuffing Southerners to be little short of an outrage—and when the authorities actually try to enforce that law, rebellion becomes a patriotic duty. A couple of weeks ago a mob in Mississippi, while on his way from Jackson to Batesville to rescue a suspected negro murderer from the hands of a mob, narrowly escaped having his train wrecked by his engine driver, who desired in this way to protest against the Governor's unconventional conduct. To anyone not blind these are clear finger-posts to a bloody future. The howl that went up when Roosevelt invited Booker Washington to lunch was another tip of the times of a piece with the recent refinement in the art of lynching, marking as it did the progress of United States tolerance and liberty. Nearly twenty years ago, when Grover Cleveland was President, he invited a negro to lunch with him, and though the guest came and took a good square meal at the expense of the "free-born" taxpayer, so little out of the ordinary was the incident considered that the members of the present House of Representatives were largely in ignorance of it until the other day, when one gentleman from Kansas informed another gentleman from the same State that Mr. Cleveland had been guilty of the same "impossible conduct" as Roosevelt. A realization of this change of sentiment which has taken place in twenty years would startle any nation less self-satisfied than the United States into an energetic reformation of inhuman abuses that are a national disgrace and that will end, if tolerated, in a national tragedy. The negro will be ground just so low, then he will become hysterical and run amuck. Balzac says: "There is nothing so terrible as the rage of a sheep." In the States the negro is the sheep. When he becomes desperate it will be a good time to stand from under. It looks as if that time is just about here.

A PROMINENT gentleman who has never been accused of being a fad-pusher or an extremist, and who never before to my knowledge has been guilty of writing letters to the newspapers, has sent me a communication of great interest and some length. Talk about "teaching the young idea how to shoot!" He has the theory down fine, and in a most literal sense. Following is the main portion of the letter, which I heartily endorse:

I wish, if possible, to bring to the notice of all influential men our need with reference to the overwhelming importance of possessing a shooting population, even if other matters are entirely neglected. One would think that it was evident to thoughtful men of any kind that a population of crack shots with no drill is far and away better than one that drills but does not shoot. In fact there is no comparison; but, strange to say, the hidebound military man won't see it, but runs to the drill book and the gaudy side of the business, totally forgetting that it amounts to comparatively nil when fighting begins. When Doyle, Kipling, and others enlarge on the importance of marksmanship over every other consideration, we meet a perfect flood of jeers at the suggestion of raising a race of "hedge-row riflemen" from those oblivious of the fact that England has always been "licked" by just this class of men; for example, the Boers, the American Revolutionists, and in this country, the half-breeds of the North-West in 1855. I am glad to see that in a recent speech Mr. Sifton takes this view, and in this he is in accord with Sir W. Mulock and other public men. These are my ideas and have been for years, but I am always downed by military opposition, which sacrifices everything to drill and discipline—in its way, of course, good, we all know that—but if we can't have everything, which we can't in the time available, you will agree with me that we should devote what time we have to a study of the most important subject and the one that can't be picked up hurriedly at the last moment. Sufficient drill can be got up in a few days, but not the art of rifle shooting.

Now think for a moment how few people, comparatively, in Canada, know anything about actual shooting; two-thirds of our militia know nothing about it and the same applies, only more so, to the general population. One meets hundreds of able-bodied people who jokingly admit that they have never fired a rifle in their lives.

Imagine, on the other hand, if we devised a scheme by which every man could be made a fair rifle shot, capable of hitting what he aimed at, or at least knew how to load and fire the weapon in confidence! Such a force, even if ignored of drill altogether, would make us a most difficult people to tamper with, and capable of making some show of what we have. We admit this unwittingly when we

time of trouble for the cowboy and the trapper in preference to all others, simply because he can shoot.

As we stand now, led on by our hidebound conservative military guides, we are almost useless, but, in my opinion, we can readily arrive at a satisfactory condition on the lines I hold as correct—by means of our schools. Here we have thousands of youngsters only too willing to take up musketry, which, as you know, every boy would delight in.

It is true we have in some schools cadet corps, and possibly most people will ask, "What more do you want?" Well, what are they? Simply a few boys got together by some enthusiastic teachers and drilled with the old obsolete weapons supplied by the Government. Only a few boys in each school take part, and they soon get tired of it; this would never happen if they burnt a little powder at rifle practice every year.

This has been proved in No. 1 District. The cadet companies were in a dwindling state. A patriotic gentleman presented a shield for competition and they started target practice. The Government having made a miniature cartridge for twenty-five yards distance, they got up little ranges in each school yard. You should see how quickly the boys joined and how great was the enthusiasm displayed. It put new life into the whole business. Learning this work as children, they never forget it in after life any more than they do ordinary school studies.

Now supposing that musketry was a recognized study in each school, voluntary or compulsory. Think of the effect, in a few years, if every lad left school with a knowledge of rifle practice similar to other subjects necessary for his career in after life. Even if we had no militia we would possess the material to organize an army ten times more effective than what we have at present. When trouble comes it is too late to teach musketry, so we do what we did for South Africa—rush the men together and drill for the week or two we have to prepare, and so shove them into the field. Men brave enough, but of what use? Mostly they can't hit anything; whereas, if they had had instructions in shooting as boys at school, they would be what we want—a defensive force for use and not an impediment as any mass of men must be under the existing system. What would be the use of a baseball team if they were drilled and disciplined but never played ball.

If we could lay our hands on a shooting population at any moment, sufficient drill can quickly be imparted, and thus we would be in a state of preparedness—what we want to be. But if trouble came to-morrow we all know what would follow. We would collect our population and begin drilling. Nine out of ten military men would rush to this, and as it was in preparing for South Africa—not a shot fired. Most people don't consider it necessary, and there are few localities where practice can be carried out in a hurry. Well, such a force would be just about as likely to succeed as if they attended a trap pigeon tournament and competed with men who were experts.

It is inconceivable how this invariably occurs in military matters. If civilians were entering for any competition such as lacrosse, baseball, football or hockey, they would get together and play lacrosse, baseball, football or hockey, and not waste time on movements which are of little or no value, comparatively, when the game once begins.

All this is no reflection on discipline, but I maintain you can impress it far more effectively on men with loaded rifles in their hands than by standing them up in rows teaching simultaneous movements at squad drill.

Now we are supposed to encourage cadet corps, but what do we actually do? We give them obsolete Martini-Henry rifles, belts and bayonets, and it is therefore obvious that this equipment is only fit to drill with; besides, it is a pretty cheap arrangement, as arms issued are practically useless. The Ontario Government are more generous, as they allow annually to each efficient company the sum of \$50.

The gallery ammunition which I spoke of before costs \$3 per thousand rounds. But why could not 100 rounds per boy be issued free each year and the educational authorities insist on the instruction in its use. It is a very simple way of making a most effective militia and at the same time providing a most congenial and manly sport for every boy throughout the country. I may say that the Government gives free 200 rounds per man a year to each city regiment. Why not half that amount to each boy, where its value is double?

With a little real encouragement the result would be wonderful, and we would, in a simple and effective way, solve the question of defence. The militia never can be effective without some such scheme. We are all too busy building up a young nation to spare time after we leave school to learn what is required; then why not combine it with the ordinary work of the boys when they have the time and the inclination to study it? It is a most undemonstrative way of preparing people without ruffling the ideas of those who are opposed to militarism. No one could object to the proposal to instruct the youngster in the mechanism of a rifle and how to handle it, and to teach him to over in after life he is compelled to defend his country. But remember it must be shooting, not drill. We can't expect anything from the force of parading boys with an obsolete weapon which cannot be fired; they might as well carry their books under their arms back and forth to the schools without being taught how to use them, which is simply what our present military idea of training cadets amounts to.

No one takes seriously the subject of defence to heart till suddenly the row begins, when we imagine, provided we have plenty of weapons and ammunition, we can readily defend ourselves. Well, we are just about as useful as a woman would be who picks up a revolver and thinks she can scare a burglar.

But what a people we would be, in, say, five years, if every schoolboy passed out at the end of his term a "mark-man." At present we spend a pile of money on organization and other military matters. But organization won't stop an advancing foe if we can't shoot; but if we can shoot, we can dispense with a great deal of organization; anyway, the latter can be improvised, in some way, at the last possible moment; but the former—never, though I have yet to see a military man who will acknowledge it.

Most people sneer at the idea of any fighting in Canada; but it will come some day, and if we are caught as we are now we may remember the words of Kipling in "The Islanders":

"When ye go forth at morning and the noon beholds you broke Ere ye lie down at even your remnant under the yoke."

Parents may imagine that if my correspondent's scheme is carried out their boys will be in danger of shooting someone or being accidentally shot. Not at all. The boy trained to handle a gun and disciplined in its use is not the one to point it at a companion or let it go off by mistake. Such accidents instead of increasing, would practically become unknown amongst trained boys.



Society

THE usual succession of gay doings at the Capital has marked the opening of the session, and although fewer than usual went from Toronto to join in them, there is always a local contingent temporarily residing in Ottawa or paying a flying visit there at this season. The Opening, which was at the last moment postponed from Thursday to Friday on account of the non-election of the new Speaker, M. Belcourt, (which necessary preamble took place on Thursday), was exceedingly pretty and favored by the Minto weather, which we know so well. For the last time, so far as we can tell, His Excellency orated in two languages from the crimson-canopied throne, and for the last time his charming Countess and lovely eldest daughter passed gracefully along before admiring rows of smart people to their places on the left of the throne, vis-a-vis with the wife of the Premier and other "Cabinet ladies." As usual, their gowns were dainty, delicately tinted and most becoming. Lady Eileen looking particularly sweet and girlish in white and green. Plenty of imposing raiment is worn, even at the Opening, by the wives of the Ministers, the Speakers, and the Senators and Members, though the "best" is always for the evening function, the Drawing-room, later on. A few of those at the Opening were Lady Laurier in a handsome satin brocade, with a bouquet of red roses; Lady Borden in black lace over white, Lady Mulock in black embroidered lace. Mrs. Sifton in pale green brocade satin. Mrs. Power in Chantilly lace mounted on white. Mrs. Belcourt (nee Haycock) in a particularly

chic and dainty gown of pale cream lace and mousseline over pale green. Mrs. Ahearn in a sumptuous brocade. Mrs. Hugh Guthrie in white satin. Mrs. H. C. Osborne in a princess gown of green paillettes with many soft flounces of black chiffon on the jupe. Mrs. Macculloch in a very simple and charming pale pink dress. Mrs. Cockburn Clemow in black velvet with bertha of fine Brussels lace. Miss Gwendolyn Clemow in pale green crepe touched with black. Mrs. O'Hallaran and her sister from Montreal, Mrs. Hampson (nee Tail), were a few of those whose presence lent a new charm to the state chamber. Bright little Miss Edith Kerr of Cobourg was ill with grippie and has not been to Ottawa yet; her next sister, Miss Mabel, was with the Senator at the Opening. Two gorgeous Lieutenant-Governors, Mr. Snowball of New Brunswick and Sir Daniel McMillan of Manitoba, were seated facing the throne. They first deposited their august gold-laced persons upon the sacred "woolpack," the crimson dossal upon which the Supreme Court judges are wont to perch, but were subsequently given two chaises d'honneur before the throne, and the woolpack remained forlorn, for the judges did not appear. His Honor of New Brunswick was accompanied by his wife and daughter, who have many friends in Ottawa and Toronto. Sir Daniel brought his daughter, a tall, graceful, sweet girl, with a very composed manner and much savoir faire, who was a picture in a white gauze gown, with some delicately pointed purple pannes relieving its filmy folds. She struck me as the most distinguished-looking girl at the Opening. Miss Thompson of Derwent Lodge came with her hostess, Miss Scott, and Miss Boulbee of Iver House with Lady Mulock, with whom she is to spend the winter. Pretty Mrs. Denny and Miss Edwards, a niece of Mrs. Belcourt, the former in a charming coming canary-colored gown, were seated on the Government House side of the chamber. Mrs. Lyons Biggar, a Torontonian, was very pretty both at the Opening and the Drawing-room. There was the usual reception afterwards in the Speaker of the Senate's apartments, to which the vice-regal party went first. Mrs. Power managing to keep the refreshment-room from being crowded until they had partaken of something and bid good-by to their hosts. A second reception by the new Speaker of the House, M. Belcourt, and his young wife, assisted by Miss Belcourt, his sister, carried the crowd of guests to the apartments lately vacated by the new Minister of Inland Revenue and former Speaker, M. Brodeur. As the Belcourts have just finished furnishing their fine new house, I presume they will only use these apartments for official entertaining. M. Belcourt, clean shaven and clever looking, is a youthful looking man, though Mrs. Belcourt, his bride of about a year ago, is his second wife. She was Miss Maisie Haycock, and has already captured the hearts of susceptible Senators, new Members, and the public generally, by her gracious and graceful way of doing the honors in her new and onerous position. Several tense and nervous scenes were witnessed at the Opening, and although the evening was unusually free (for the State dinner of the tenth did not depend upon the presence of a properly elected Speaker for its date, and was held as arranged, on Thursday), there was no rest for popular and busy sections of society who dined and wineed more or less formally.

On Saturday evening the Drawing-room was held, and though for various reasons it was not so large as some I have seen during the Minto regime, it was even prettier than usual. There were no controversies, no contentious writers, no disputes; no one fell down or strewed the stately progress with stray fans, veils, feathers or scraps of lace—even the "queue" did not show any sign of warfare. A really funny little joke on a social luminary of the male persuasion occurred when he was enjoying the spectacle of an absent-minded friend who paraded up the aisle of officers in his overshoes and rolled-up trousers. In the midst of his chuckles he happened to catch sight of his own two feet, clumsily garbed in the worthy "gums," and with a good inch of sock showing under his neatly rolled-up trousers. Then he laughed no more! Two women appeared without veils (there are always two who do), but the "leeves" generally was without incident. His Excellency and the Countess of Minto entered the Senate chamber about nine, the train of the Countess (such a lovely train, pale green, embroidered with silver) carried by her second son, Hon. Esmond Elliot, and Master Eric Maude, in court pages' costumes. Lady Minto's robe was exquisitely pretty and her sweet little smile of recognition very dear to her friends. Lady Eileen Elliot, who is always the first to make her obeisance before the throne, glided in, looking lovely in a white crepe and chiffon gown with a bouquet of pink roses. Lady Minto carried lilies and violets, an exquisite tribute from Mrs. Harris of Earncliffe. There are two or three guests at Government House who then entered, followed by Mrs. Maule, the Prime Minister and Lady Laurier, the Cabinet Ministers and their ladies, the Deputy Ministers and their ladies, and the queue, with whom are some of the nicest people who bow before vice-royalty. Lord Dunsany came in with the queue, looking very handsome; I hear that the G.O.C. is quite lost without Captain Newton to keep him abreast of his social engagements, and nearly missed the Drawing-room altogether, being busy over some important matter, and having barely time to get in with the public. Captain Newton is on leave in England. However, Dundonald had the eyes of the, by that time, huge assemblage as he quietly walked up the long lane and made his bow, and they admired the G.O.C. as they could not have done had he come in earlier. Sir Charles Parsons was up from Halifax and stood beside the vice-regal party. The former uncertainty of just when and how a Consul-General may sport his court suit kept the interesting clique of Italian, Austrian, Russian, German, United States and Japanese gorgeously away from the Drawing-room, though they were at the Opening in all their effulgence of gold lace, medals, orders and smiles, the new United States Consul, Mr. Foster, alone wearing plain evening dress, his official "costume." In the constantly passing, saluam and disappearing succession of beauties and distinguished persons at the Drawing-room, there were several Toronto ladies who kept up the reputation of the Queen City, but many who were down last year were unable to repeat their pleasant experience. Lady Laurier wore a lovely white gown, beautifully embroidered and applique. Mrs. Sifton was in cream Liberty satin, with many small tufts and large medallions of lace, and a handsome lace bertha. Mrs. Belcourt was in white, an exquisitely dainty gown, in which she looked a picture afterwards, standing on the little dais before the Speaker's chair, withers who came from Speaker Power's rooms to congratulate the new Speaker and his pretty wife. Outside in the main corridor was a splendid buffet, decorated with flowers and laden with simple dainties that all might share the hospitality of the Speaker and Mrs. Belcourt. I caught a glimpse of Mrs. H. C. Osborne in a stunning gown, paillette with pearl sequins and lightly touched with blue, and her companion at the pretty function, Mrs. Macculloch, in a soft graceful gown of white crepe with silver paillettes; Mrs. Hood in pale pink brocade. Mrs. Frank O'Hara in white satin and silver. Mrs. Oates in a black paillette gown, and of several pretty girls from diverse parts of the Dominion. Miss Whitney of Morrisburg, Miss Dorothy White of Snowball, Mrs. and Miss McGill of Peterboro', Miss Thompson of Derwent Lodge, Miss Boulbee of Iver House, Miss Sullivan of Prince Edward Island, Miss Snowball of Fredericton, Miss McSloy of St. Catharines, Miss Dwyer of Toronto, who was with the younger Mrs. Power, both being deputantes; Miss McMillan of Government House, Winnipeg, who was even more charming than at the Opening, in white satin applique with yellow chiffon roses; Miss Roi of Montreal, the sparkling brunette who has captured the affections of the "baby" Member, young Armande Lavergne; Miss Domville, another very pretty brunette who has been proudly beamed about since the Opening by her papa, Colonel Domville; and lots of other pretty creatures whose names have escaped me, but whose charming faces haunt my dreams.

An Ottawa paper says: The Governor-General and the Countess of Minto entertained at luncheon at Rideau Hall on Saturday for the honorary aides-de-camp. There were present among others, Lieutenant-Governor Sir Daniel McMillan and Miss McMillan, Lieutenant-Governor Snowball, Mrs. and Miss Snowball, Mrs. Henry C. Osborne and Mrs. D. Macculloch of Toronto, Miss Seymour, Miss Brice of New York, Colonel and Mrs. Irwin, Major and Mrs. Maude, Colonel Evans, Colonel Peters and Colonel Lessard.

Mrs. A. Denison of Toronto was raison d'être of a charming supper party after the Drawing-room, given by Mrs. E. Cockburn Clemow, with whom Mrs. Denison is staying. The large rooms were artistically decorated with bright flowers and myriad candles threw a soft glow over the pretty scene. The ladies still wore the becoming veil and feathers and the scarlet uniforms of the officers present added a touch of brightness. Supper was served at a number of small tables prettily decorated with pink roses and carnations and ferns, and dainty accessories were the pretty little menu cards done in gold lettering. The guests included Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Irwin, Colonel and Mrs. Denny and Miss Edwards, Colonel

Drury, Mr. and Mrs. Sladen, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Nesbitt, Miss Nesbitt of Woodstock, Miss Sovereign, Miss Mabel Girouard, Miss Honor Clayton, Miss Louise Gemmill, Mr. and Mrs. Fellows, Mr. and Mrs. T. Stuart Cameron, Miss Breyman Mallock, Mr. McAllister, Mr. T. C. Gordon, Mr. Alex. Hill, Mr. Lesslie Macoun, Captain Courtney, Mr. Gladwyn Macdougall, Mr. Lyman Patterson, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Guthrie, Mr. S. Gilmore, Mr. McEwan.

On Sunday Mrs. Clemow gave a delightful tea in honor of her Toronto guest, at which some of the guests were Colonel and Mrs. Cartwright, Colonel and Mrs. Lyons Biggar, Major and Mrs. Weatherbee, Mr. Northrop, Mr. Logan, Mr. Dymont, Colonel Andrew Thompson, Colonel and Mrs. Turner, Captain Gardiner, Mrs. and Miss Millar and numbers of others.

Everyone is pleased to welcome back to Toronto that sweet singer and charming girl, Miss Edith J. Miller, who is stopping with Mrs. L. A. Hamilton. On Tuesday Mrs. Fletcher Snider asked half a dozen of Miss Miller's friends in for a game of cards and a cup of tea, and one table of seven-hand euchre was enjoyed by the little party, which included Mrs. Miller Lash, Mrs. Ralph Young, Mrs. McGillivray, Mrs. Dobie, Mrs. James Elliot, and Miss Queenie Hoskin. As one swallow doesn't make a summer, neither does one table make a euchre party, for which Mrs. Snider seems to have been given the credit, and has asked me to explain. On Wednesday Miss Miller enjoyed the frolicsome "Country Girl" at the Princess with her hostess, Mrs. Hamilton, and has been otherwise entertained by friends during her visit. Some excellent music has been the pleasant lot of Mrs. Hamilton's friends, both hostess and guest being perfect in their art.

The usual Wednesday habitues enjoyed the afternoon at the Strolling Players' Japanese room this week. Miss Tillson, a new singer, was received with great appreciation, and Miss Millicham's violin obligato lent additional attraction to Miss Tillson's beautiful songs. Next week there is to be an innovation, and instead of the songs and so forth there will be an imitation of Mrs. Leslie Carter as Du Barry by Mr. Archie, a friend of Mr. Sullivan's. I believe this will be on Tuesday afternoon. A new "catch" of the anglers for good voices sang on Wednesday, a German gentleman quite recently arrived from the Fatherland, whose fine voice was warmly applauded. A little notice has been posted in the tea-room excluding children from the club quarters—not a moment too soon, either, as I was told of a small child having actually been sent to be "minded" by one of the ladies from half-past four to six.

I see by the papers that the marriage of Mrs. Lount, widow of the late Justice Lount, has been announced. Some weeks ago I mentioned having received word of its likelihood, but did not take the responsibility of mentioning either the lady or her gallant's name. The latter, I was told, was a retired officer who had been devoted to Mrs. Lount for some time. Another marriage of a Canadian widow and a Bermuda officer is quietly spoken of as shortly to take place.

Mrs. Fisher arranged an interesting programme of Russian composers for the Woman's Musical Club on Thursday morning. Those who performed the various numbers were among our best musicians.

Perhaps never has a Nordic evening aroused a more personal interest than last night, when the matchless diva appeared before an audience which always rises to her attraction like a trout to a fly. During the past year, Nordica has been worried into an illness, has worried out of it, and emerges triumphant to charm Toronto as she never has failed to do.

Mrs. James Plummer and Miss Mollie Plummer sailed for England on the "Celtic" last Wednesday.

Mrs. Cattaneach is going to England about the first of May, on which date her lease of the Plummer residence expires. I hear Mr. and Mrs. Frank Plummer have taken the house from that date.

Mrs. Fred Cox gave a large euchre of nine tables at Senator Cox's residence in Sherbourne street in honor of her Montreal visitor, Mrs. Loring, last Tuesday afternoon. A very dainty tea was served after the game.

Mrs. Gooderham of Waveney and Mrs. Charlie Beatty have gone to the Southern seaside for a short sojourn.

Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt is coming up on a visit to The Oaks shortly.

His Excellency and Lady Minto will come up next month for the Horse Show, after which Lady Minto will sail with Lady Eileen Elliot to England, where they will be joined by Lady Ruby Elliot, and the two young ladies will be presented at the King's Drawing-room later in May. The sincere regret of tout Canada, that the charming family of our Governor-General will only return to us to say a final farewell, is shared in most frankly by them. Lady Eileen is particularly lovable when she says "six such good years, the best of my life." Let us hope fate has much better ones in store for her sweet little ladyship, for she well deserves them.

At the annual meeting of the Laubion Golf Club, Mr. C. C. James was elected to succeed Sir Thomas Taylor as Governor, Sir Thomas having removed from Toronto. The dinner after the meeting, of some fifty covers, was of the most jolly and hilarious description, "when good fellows meet together" and with much fun and cordiality the evening passed all too soon.

Mr. W. R. Kirkpatrick has been appointed to the management of the Royal Bank, Ottawa, and has gone to take charge. Mrs. Kirkpatrick went down on Tuesday with her little daughter.

The Japanese fete next Thursday at McConkey's will occupy the afternoon and evening hours of the smart set.

Mrs. W. A. Charlton will receive in the Speaker's apartments, Parliament Buildings, on Tuesday next, from 4.30 to 6.30.

Mrs. C. S. Boone of Bloor street east has returned home from a three months' trip to Africa, and on the Continent with her son, Lieutenant C. A. Boone of the Second Battalion Manchester Regiment. Lieutenant Boone has returned to his regiment stationed at Aldershot.

The marriage of Mr. Harold Ashton Richardson, second son of Ven. Archdeacon Richardson of London, Ont., and Miss Marion Ogden Austin of Chicago, took place in Calcutta on February 19th in St. Paul's Cathedral, Rev. Canon Luckman officiating. Owing to the sudden summons of the bridegroom to attend to business interests in Wall street, New York, the marriage was rather hurriedly arranged. The bride had been making a tour of the world with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick C. Austin of Chicago. Mr. Montague Grahame-White of London was best man. After the ceremony the wedding party drove to Peliti's, where breakfast was served, the following being the guests, besides the happy couple, and Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Austin: Canon and Mrs. Luckman, Mr. and Mrs. George Garth, Mr. J. A. Dalton and Mr. Montague Grahame-White. Mr. and Mrs. Richardson spent a few days at Darjeeling before sailing from Bombay for Europe and New York.

Carrying Out the Simile.

"Ah!" sighed the romantic lady as she and her escort stood at the top of the toboggan slide at Montreal, "how much love resembles tobogganing! At first there is the pondering over the choice of a mate; then the settling down and coming to an understanding as to the rules of the game; and then together the happy couple sail far, far away, thinking of nothing except the delight and joy of being together."

"Yes," answered her practical escort; "and then comes marriage."

"Oh, yes," she simpered.

"Yes, then comes marriage. That consists in pulling the toboggan uphill with the girl on the toboggan." There was no thaw that day.—"Judge."

A Sure Thing.

"But how can I be sure," said the beautiful heiress, "that you do not want me merely for my money?" "Darling," replied the Duke, "if I can have you I shall never worry about money any more."

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Plain Butchers Linen and Vesting Waists, large pearl buttons. Extra value, \$2

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Dr. W. H. Drummond and his family are in the West Indies. Mrs. Drummond and the young folks have been there for some time, and the doctor has gone down to fetch them home. Dr. Drummond will be in Toronto shortly for an evening of readings.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Campbell Osborne and Mrs. MacCullough went down to Ottawa on Thursday for the opening and the drawing-room, and returned to town on Tuesday morning. They topped at the Russell and were entertained at Government House and at Rideau Cottage during their visit. On Monday they were the hosts of a very pretty luncheon at the Russell, and attended the fine carnival at the Exhibition Rink in the evening, leaving by the late train for Toronto. Many hospitalities were offered the charming Toronto women during their short visit, and they were much admired at the two large functions of last week.

I am glad to note that my friends of the telephone talk read "Saturday Night," as I am led to believe by their sudden abandonment of certain plans, which, however delightful, were not quite prudent. The warning was quite confidential and continues so, and the slight previousness of an Eastern paper, which states that a "scandal" is to be unearthed in Toronto society is on a par with the assurance of the prophet of an early spring. A word in time often saves a good deal of conversation later on.

I hear that Rev. A. U. du Pencil and Mrs. Du Pencil are to leave Toronto shortly and take up their abode in Brandon, where Mr. Du Pencil has received an appointment to the rectory of St. Matthew's Church. They will be greatly missed in every circle, and more than any other of the clerical set in various pleasant reunions. Mr. Du Pencil and his better half being almost the only couple in that set who are fond of dancing and welcome partners at the Varsity dances in Trinity College Convocation Hall. Both are devoted workers in church matters and much in touch and sympathy with young people, and they will be much missed by their Toronto friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Osler are to spend some time in Bermuda. They left for the South on Thursday.

One of the sweet singers at a recent afternoon of the Strolling Players was Miss Brenda Simile, of whose voice I hear very nice things being said.

The names of those who will don the fascinating kimono and assist at the Japanese fete of March 24 are Mrs. G. P. Magann, Mrs. Victor Williams, Miss Keating, Mrs. Charles Kingsmill, Miss Nordheimer, Miss Florence Sprague, Miss Essey Case, Miss Mollie Walde, Miss Ella Ryerson, Miss Millicent Henderson, Miss Birdie Warren, Miss Ida Homer Dixon, Miss Christie, Miss Mary Davidson, Miss Helen Durie, Miss Daisy Boulton, Miss Marjorie Mowh, Miss Lisle Quin, Miss Harman and Miss Inglis. Tickets may be obtained at McConkey's for the fete, which continues through afternoon and evening, and takes place in the ballroom, which will be transformed into a Japanese pavilion. From what I hear of the intentions of the managers it will be a bewitching affair.

Bermuda is apparently Cupid's pet base of operations this spring. I have received word of the engagement of a charming young widow, relict of an officer of the first contingent, to an officer of the Fusiliers, now in Bermuda. If the report be correct, many good wishes from her Toronto friends will be sent to the piquante fiancée, who is the most attractive of women.

Senator Melvin-Jones went down for the opening to the capital and returned to Toronto on Tuesday. Although the gallant senator was alone at the function, Mrs. Melvin-Jones being in mourning and her daughter indisposed, he was, as usual, kept busy in polite services to some of his fair fellow-citizens for whom he contrived to find nice seats, even after the Senate chamber was quite filled, when he equaled two graceful young matrons through the crowd.

Mrs. Britton Francis is with her mother, Mrs. Powell, in Ottawa for a time. After important matters have been settled, which are interesting the young matron and her many women friends, Mrs. Francis will go to Chicago to make her home there. Mr. Francis is now in Chicago, where his business necessitates his residence.

Mr. Clarence Bogert of the Dominion Bank, Montreal, sailed on last Saturday by steamship Canopia from Boston for the Mediterranean trip. He will be away for a couple of months.

Mr. E. S. and the Misses Clouston were guests at Rideau Hall for the carnival on Monday night. La petite Miss Clouston was perfectly lovely as marquis, in black velvet costume, tri-corn hat and white curls. Mr. Clouston was an Arab sheik, and looked most stately in burnous and veil.

The marriage of Miss Maude Cameron, sister of Lady Bourinot, and Mr. James Macdonell of British Columbia will take place shortly in Ottawa. Toronto friends of Miss Cameron will send her many good wishes on the happy day, which I have not yet heard named. Mr. Bleasdale Cameron and his wife are at Fort Francis, and readers of "Saturday Night" who enjoyed his writings will be glad to hear of his well-being.

Mademoiselle Clem Vanden Broeck, who has been touring with a party on the Continent, has returned to Canada, and writes glowing accounts of her trip from Glenora, where she is stopping. I presume, with her friend, Miss Blackburn. Her experiences, told in her own droll way, have delighted all her friends, who hope soon to welcome her to Toronto again.

At the Strolling Players on Saturday the baritone who has been enriching the various programmes with contributions of striking merit gave some German songs and a quite remarkable rendering of "Drink to Me Only." This talented singer is a protégé of Mr. S. H. Jones, who found his voice most promising when in the South, and brought him north to cultivate it under the direction of Dr. Albert Ham. The young man is a mulatto, Hasteen by name, and has one of those mellow, rich, exuberant voices which so often bless his people. In addition, he has considerable distinction as a linguist, and is turning out such an acquisition to musical programmes that his patron has every reason to be proud of him,

and to receive the warm thanks of musicians and music-lovers for bringing him to Toronto. He has an extended repertoire in three or four languages. On Saturday the Strolling Players' tea-room was packed to listen to him.

The National Chorus concerts are dated for the 13th and 14th of next month, when the singers will be assisted by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and Genevieve Clark Watson, soprano; Arthur Beresford, bass; Jan Van Vordt, violinist, and William H. Sherwood, pianist. Dr. Albert Ham conducting the chorus and Adolph Rosenbecker the orchestra. The honorary president of the National Chorus is his Excellency the Governor-General, and the patronesses of the concerts are Mrs. W. Mortimer Clark, Lady Boyd, Lady Kirkpatrick, Lady Meredith, Mrs. S. Nordheimer, Mrs. Sweetman, Mrs. Arthur Grasset, Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. George Dickson, Mrs. Welch and Miss Knox.

A correspondent writes: "A large At Home was given by Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Smith, 420 Pape Avenue, to bid farewell to the Rev. Mr. Frizzell and Miss Jean Harris, who were leaving for Jerusalem. The drawing-room was beautifully decorated in palms, azaleas and ferns, the dining-room in pink carnations, smilax and ferns. The table-center was beautiful Irish lace, with tulle and dollops of Battenburg lace. Those assisting at the tea-table were Mrs. Romerall, Mrs. P. A. McDonald, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. McClelland, Mrs. W. T. Harris, Mrs. James Harris, Miss Summers, Miss Lane, Miss Cowley, Miss F. Frizzell, Miss Florence McClelland and Miss Chambers. Mrs. Smith received, gowned in black, peau de sole, with trimmings of sequins and lace. Miss Harris assisted, and looked lovely in brocade voile over green taffeta and medallion trimmings, with white roses. Mrs. Smith is a charming hostess and Mr. Smith most generous and hospitable. Many were the kind wishes for a safe and pleasant journey. Among those present were Dr. and Mrs. Chambers, the Misses Chambers, Mrs. William Harris, Mrs. Davidson, Rev. L. W. and Mrs. Hill, Miss Hill and Mr. Hill, Jr., Miss Lundr, Miss Baud, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Milne, Mr. and Mrs. H. Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Smith, and Mrs. Frizzell, Rev. Wesley and Mrs. Dean, Miss Martin, Mrs. E. Blong, the Misses Blong, Miss Blong of Port Perry, Mrs. Lobb, Mrs. Washington, Mr. John Cringan and Miss Cringan, Mr. and Mrs. Hannon, and many others.

Madame Marie Petite, a gifted Frenchwoman, who is now giving a series of drawing-room lectures at smart houses in New York, is, I am told, possibly coming to Toronto next month. I presume under the auspices of L'Alliance Française. It should be a treat in store for us if this be true.

Congratulations are many to Judge Frank Anglin on his elevation to the bench. The honor has been impending for some time, and now that it has finally descended upon the handsome head of the son of the late gifted Timothy Anglin, and the brother of sweet Cynthia, Miss Margaret Anglin, the glad handshake and the hearty word of felicitation are felt and heard by the new judge of the Court of Exchequer in all quarters.

Marriage does not seem a failure in London—the less. Last Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ahlstrom celebrated their golden wedding, and on Monday Mr. and Mrs. Henry Strong went them a whole decade better, having sixty years of wedded happiness to their credit on that day.

Mrs. W. R. Riddell and her sister, Mrs. C. C. James, were to be married for a fortnight. Mrs. Riddell is visiting Mrs. Drummond Hogg at the capital.

Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Septimus Denison are settled in quarters at Stanley Barracks, where Mrs. Denison received for the first time last Thursday.

Mrs. Somerville of Atherley and her invalid son, Mr. Lorne Somerville, sailed by the "Canopia" from Boston last Saturday for the Mediterranean. They will join Mr. Somerville in Egypt. Mr. Lorne Somerville was quite seriously ill at Atherley recently, and it is hoped the trip will be of great benefit to him.

Mr. Charles Austin Lewis, Lieutenant First Worcester Regiment, is visiting his mother in Scarth Road, Rosedale. He has been at some of the services in Ceylon and India, and is now on six months' leave.

A very marked instance of the development of the artistic taste in the home of the society women of today may be seen in the great improvements made of late years in the manner in which the home is illuminated. The introduction of the electric light has made it possible to do away with the heavy and cumbersome gasolier and substitute the dainty electric ceiling cluster or the light and artistic wall-bracket. Toronto people are specially fortunate in having electric light supplied at such a low rate as that charged by the local electric lighting company.

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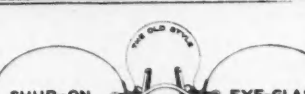
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The Woman on the Derelict

BY GUY BOOTHBY

CHAPTER IX.

On bidding Armitage "good-bye" at the entrance to his hotel, and having thanked him again for the generous offer of his help, I returned to my own caravanserai. When I arrived there I went straight to my room and locked myself in. Then placing on the table the packet I had brought with me from the ship, I cut the strings and opened it. The knives I wrapped up in several pieces of brown paper, which I sealed and wrote my name upon. After which I wrapped up the camera and took both downstairs with me. The packet containing the knives I took to the manager's office, with the request that he would place it in the safe. Then taking up the other, I proceeded into the Strand, hailed a cab, and drove to a shop I had seen that morning, and the windows of which it was stated that a dark room was provided for amateurs on payment of a moderate fee. I paid the amount in question, and was conducted to the room, where, with the feelings you may imagine, I broke the seals, turned the key, which had been fastened to the handle, and opened the case. With the utmost care I commenced my grilling, and in a few minutes, and watching the gradual development with anxious eyes. To my horror the first was a complete failure. In my nervousness I had somewhat better, but by no means as good as I could wish. The next was an improvement, and, to my joy, the remaining three were all that I could desire. Not being able, of course, to leave them to dry upon the premises, I was compelled to resort to artificial means, which necessitated a long wait in that stuffy hole, which was but a little bigger than a cupboard. At last, however, after an imprisonment that had lasted upwards of two hours, being satisfied that they were in a condition to be taken away, I placed them in the box I had bought in the shop for that purpose, closed the camera, and released myself from what had been in every sense of the word a diabolic visit. On the way through the shop I purchased the requisites for toning and printing, which I ordered to be sent to my hotel without fail that afternoon. The camera I took with me to my room, but the plates, which were carefully wrapped up, sealed, and plainly marked with my name, went into the safe with the knives. This done I determined to go to bed, and to sleep until the morning. I had had enough of it for one day.

Next morning proved to be fine, and immediately after breakfast I once more bothered the patient clerk to open the safe, and, having obtained both packets, I made up my mind to retire to my room, and to satisfy myself as to the result of my labors. The first three negatives I had utterly destroyed by washing the film off the glass. Of each of the others I printed a dozen copies. The toning and washing I postponed until I should retire to rest that night.

On descending to the hall I found a letter addressed to me in the small, tremulous writing of the old school. As I had no other female correspondent in London, I opened it, and it proved to be the case. She wrote to thank me for the money I had sent her, and to inform me that her charges seemed to have quite settled down. Much to the old lady's delight, she seemed to have taken a fancy to herself and her things, and to derive pleasure from their society.

"I am endeavoring to persuade her," she went on, "to employ her time with needlework, hoping that this may distract her thoughts, but I regret to say that so far I have been unsuccessful. It would seem as if she is incapable of any sustained effort, though her bodily strength seems all that could be desired. She has spoken of you on several occasions by name, which induces me to believe that her memory is capable of recording impressions of recent date, but of nothing connected with the tragedy which so nearly cost her her life. Perhaps we should be thankful for this."

The old lady concluded by saying that they trusted soon to see her, and things considered, the report was as satisfactory as could be expected in so short a time. The pleasure I derived from the fact that she had remembered my name and had spoken of me was exquisite. I suppose that men will do such things when they are in love, but I know that I read that portion of the letter over and over again. Before I put it away I made a mental resolution that I would go down and call on the following afternoon. There was nothing to prevent it, so I patted myself on the back and told myself that I deserved a treat and was entitled to take one. Before I did so, however, I had an important matter to see to, and that was to place the negatives and the balance of the photographs I had taken in a place of safety where they could remain for a length of time. It was within the bounds of possibility that the hotel clerk in handing out a package might make a mistake and give mine. I determined to take them to my bank and have them placed in security there. The knives I kept with me, as I wished to examine them more closely.

On leaving the bank, which was in Lombard street, I drove to Armitage's hotel, for I was anxious to show him the pictures, and have a long talk with him prior to going down to Hampton Court. I inquired for him in the hall, and was informed that he was in his sitting-room, for the hall porter had seen him go up the grand staircase half an hour before.

"I'll call a man to show you up, sir," he said.

But I told him that he need not worry, as I could find my way to the room by this time. I accordingly got into the lift and was carried up to the third floor, Armitage's.

His bedroom and sitting-room were at the end of the corridor, and looked out over the Embankment. On the heavy pile carpet of the passage my feet made no sound. I knocked upon the door, and, hearing some ejaculation from Armitage, took it to be "Come in," so I entered. As I did so, I heard him say, "You cursed fool, before you've done you will ruin everything."

It was easy to see that he was in a towering rage about something. His usually handsome face was black with passion. If human eyes can dart sparks he was certainly doing so at that moment. Cringing before him was a miserable little Jew as ever disgraced a synagogue. He was metaphorically washing his hands and staring up at his tall companion, as if he expected every moment to receive a blow. Nev-

"And you will see the charming young lady, whose rescue you were so kind, looking at me out of half-closed eyes, and blowing a cloud of smoke through his nose."

"That is one of my reasons for going, and the other is my anxious to see what this little rest has done for her."

"I hope at some future time you will permit me the honor of making her acquaintance."

"Doubtless you will see her before very long. I have several things to do and I want to catch the half-past two train down."

I did catch the train, and an hour later was standing before the fire in the pretty little drawing-room of Acacia Villa, awaiting the coming of my hostess, the lovely girl whose rescue I was leaning upon her stick. She greeted me warmly and begged me to draw a chair up to the fire as the afternoon was cold.

Alexandra will be here in a few moments," she said. "Short though the time has been, I think you will see a little change in her."

She had hardly said this before the door opened, and the girl herself entered the room. I could scarcely suppress an exclamation of surprise as I looked at her. You must remember that, so far, I had not seen her well dressed. Now she was attired in a costume of some dark gray material, which showed off her shapely figure to perfection. Nothing could have suited her better. She looked so fresh and so well. Her eyes, but it was not so marked as it had been when we left the ship. She became more animated when I inquired how she liked Hampton Court. She had seen all there was to be seen, and declared that she would never tire of visiting the Palace. I told her that I must get her to show me over it, whereupon kindly Mrs. Jackson suggested that we should go that afternoon.

"You will have plenty of time to walk through the galleries before it grows too late," she said, and put on your things, my dear."

She did as she was bid, and in about five minutes returned dressed for walking. While she had been absent I had learned from Mrs. Jackson that her son was still in charge of the ship at Plymouth, and that he did not know when he should be able to leave her.

"Now be off with you," she said, and do not let me see either of you until half-past four, when we will take tea."

You may guess for yourself how much I enjoyed the walk and the stroll through those quaint old rooms. I was surprised to find how much my companion knew about the pictures. We were passing through one of the state-rooms which overlook the gardens and the river, and I was looking at one of the pictures and stood gazing at it as if she could not take her eyes off it. Personally, not being a connoisseur of such matters, I could not see much in it, but it certainly exercised a strange fascination over her.

"Oh, what would Canti say, could he see it?" I heard her murmur.

Scarcely thinking that I was saying, and speaking in a cheerful tone, I enquired who Canti might be.

"He was my master in Florence, Bartholomew Canti."

She spoke without looking round, and then resumed her contemplation of the picture. Then the magnitude of the discovery I had made burst in upon me, and I felt as if I could have shouted for joy. Quite by chance I had stumbled on one little clue. If Canti were in the land of the living I would find him out, and see what he could tell me about the picture, and I would be further about him, but her memory did not assist me, and my efforts were of no avail.

Having exhausted the galleries, I inspected the courtyard and strolled through the gardens, where we found it was time to return to Acacia Villa. We were passing through the Fountain Court, which was now almost dark in the cloisters, when a curious thing happened. Standing in one of the doorways, I saw a man in a dark coat, and a hat, and I prepared to swear that he was not the miserable little individual whom I had heard Armitage rating so thoroughly that morning.

The thought of him was such a momentary one that I had passed the door before I properly realized the fact. Then I stepped back and looked in. There was no one there, but I saw the door was ajar, and I looked inside and looking about me, but all I could see was an old chest, and some ancient stairs, which turned abruptly to the right. I had seen the door, and the floor was of stone, and the steps were uncarpeted; one would therefore have thought that it would have been impossible for the fellow to have got away without my seeing him. I was so sure that I had not walked more than a yard. I rejoined my companion, feeling more mystified than I can say. I was as certain that I had seen him as I was that I had seen the picture. The facts of the case seemed to be against me. I am afraid our conversation flagged on the homeward journey. My companion was not talkative at the best of times, and I had seen her in my mind to afford me food for reflection. Was it only chance that had brought the fellow down to Hampton Court, or was it the result of the residents of that portion of the Palace? or, lastly, was he following me? The last thought rather disquieted me. For the time being, however, I dismissed it from my mind, and devoted myself to the task of amusing the ladies. As before, I was easily persuaded to remain to dinner. When Mrs. Jackson and I were alone together I enquired whether she had met the man, and she, indicating Miss Alexandra to take up some hobby.

"If you mean by that needlework, I am sorry to say I have no hobby," was her reply. "But she has a hobby, which she is singularly proficient. Really, Mr. Bramwell, she paints most beautifully. I am sure she would make a name for herself in the world of art."

"Has she ever told you where she studied?" I asked.

"No, she always declares that she can't remember. But I have an idea it must have been abroad. She is now engaged copying a picture in the Palace gallery, and you must make her show it to you."

I will certainly ask her to do so," I rejoined, and when she came downstairs I made my request to her.

Obedient as usual, she left the room, to return in a few minutes with a canvas in her hand. Though the picture was in a quite unfinished state, I recognized it as a copy of that before which she had stood so long that afternoon. Little though I know of such things, I felt that her talent was of no mean order. I handed it back, and thanked her for showing it to me. Our dinner that evening was a more cheerful one than on the previous occasion. Miss Janet was in excellent spirits, while I did my best to second her efforts. Now and again the old lady told anecdotes of her youth; Miss Alexandra, however, though she appeared to be listening, scarcely uttered a word, save when spoken to. When we returned to the drawing-room Miss Janet played and sang to us and at

half-past nine I rose to say "good-night."

"I hope we shall see you again very soon," said my hostess. "You know that you will always be welcome."

"If I am afraid not for a week or two," I answered, and then added, watching Miss Alexandra's face as I spoke, "I am thinking of leaving to-morrow for Florence."

My remark seemed to have no effect upon her. Her expression was as impassive as if she had never heard the name.

"Surely this is rather a sudden resolution. It is not, Mr. Bramwell?" asked Mrs. Jackson.

"I am rather prone to act on impulse," I remarked. "Florence is a city I have always longed to visit, and as I have some rather particular business to transact there, and may have a lot to do later on, I thought I would take advantage of the opportunity and go now."

They wished me a pleasant journey, and, having promised to let them know my address when I reached my destination, I bade them "good night" and made my way to the hall. Miss Janet followed me and while I was putting on my great coat opened the door for me. As I was about to pass out she took an envelope from her pocket and held it out to me.

"This is a little present for you, Mr. Bramwell," she said. "I hope you will like it, but don't look at it until you get into the train."

I thanked her and promised that I would not.

It was a wild wet night, and, for this reason, I lost no time in reaching the railway station.

Having selected a smoking carriage I lit a cigar, and then, taking the envelope from my pocket, opened it with some curiosity. It was a photograph of Miss Alexandra—and an excellent likeness. She could not have given me anything that I could value more.

Wondering whether I could obtain a paper, I leant out of the window in search of a newsboy. At the same moment a man, who from his appearance should have been soaked to the skin, passed the carriage. He looked up and saw me, gave a start of astonishment, and passed quickly on to a compartment further up the train.

I had not been mistaken after all. It was the man I had seen in Armitage's room that morning.

(To be continued.)

A School of Matrimony.

IT is cheering news to learn that the State of Iowa is grappling with the divorce evil at the right end of the problem. In that enlightened commonwealth it is proposed to establish a school where young men and women, contemplating entering into the holy estate of wedlock, may take a course of instruction and receive a diploma for proficiency in knowing how to keep the domestic peace, and to this end they have been introduced into the Legislature asking that the Governor be empowered to appoint a "State Director of Marriage Reform Instruction."

Just what the curriculum in the School of Matrimony will embrace has not yet been made public, but the girls' course will undoubtedly begin with detailed instruction in how to cook and keep house. The first disquisition may—nay, must—husbands get is from the bad housekeeping of their wives. It is unromantic, but it is a truth that youth can drown in the muddy eddies, and choke it to death on tough steak, and slay it beyond the power of resurrection on soggy biscuit.

Be sure that it is at a breakfast table, should begin in a kindergarten, and that the young husband first begins to suspect that he has made a mistake in his choice of a wife and has to do with his affinity "Exhibit A" in many a divorce case is a leaden roll.

There's no use in saying this is putting things on a low level. It's simply living and high thinking, made plain enough for a philosopher. Heroes in novels can live on sentiment alone, but in real life most of us don't get much out of our surroundings. We are never critical of those who make us uncomfortable, but there's precious little love that can survive an ill-kempt home. The woman who understands the fine art of feeling and making us comfortable doesn't have to sue for our love. She can command it.

Then somebody ought to endow a chair of "Perpetual Fascination." Cuddling and painted with wings. That is to show how easily love can fly away from us. Women never grasp the significance of this. They think because a man loves them once he will continue to love them forever. They don't know that they work for it for all it is worth. Many a man who marries a girl because of her daintiness and charm and who never sees that side of her character again. She wears her dowry clothes for him, she saves her amiability for others, and her wit for strangers.

I humbly maintain that the man who pays a woman's bills has no right to the best she can give, and I have never yet known a wife who persisted in regarding her husband as company who was worth fixing up for and entertaining.

It is no use complaining of it. It is a defect from his own hearthstone.

A thorough and exhausting course in the science of tact should also be included in the curriculum. Why can't wives be taught not to bump up against the angles in their husbands' disposition? Why can't they learn to avoid bringing up subjects on which their husbands are touchy? Why can't wives be taught to disagree? Why can't wives be instructed how to rub the fur right

Thin Diet

It's not easy to keep up when coffee has so ruined the stomach that food won't digest.

A Missouri woman says: "I had been an invalid for two years from stomach trouble caused by coffee; got so bad I couldn't digest food, and for quite a while I lived on milk and lime water—nothing but that—a glass of milk and lime water six times a day. In this way I managed to live, but of course did not gain."

"It was about five months ago I began using Postum Food Coffee; I did not need the milk and lime water after I used it. I gained rapidly, and I can now eat a good meal and drink from one to three cups of Postum each meal and feel fine."

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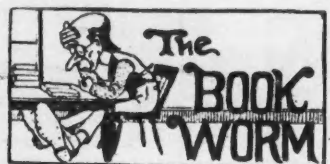
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THE BOOK WORM

ENRY HARLAND'S latest book, "My Friend Prospero," which was introduced to the world as a serial in "McClure's Magazine," is a trivial narrative, so daintily and delicately written that one is grateful for its fine qualities and does not ask for anything stronger. It is not so sparkling as "The Cardinal's Sin," or as "The Lady Paramount." It is, of course, a love story, and the lovers are of no marked peculiarities—a stalwart boyish English nobleman and a beautiful, frigid from Austria—Maria Dolores, who is a princess once removed. But there are two characters more attractive than these young persons, who you can tell from the first, are going to become engaged and be married in a truly fashionable way. There is an elderly lady of England's nobility—Lady Blanchet, who describes herself accurately as a "young, old thing"—and there is a queer, sensitive plant called Annunziata, the little niece of the "padre," who are well worth an introduction. The scene and story are utterly removed from real life, as far away as Prospero's island, and the two who are somewhat tired of the strenuous life and the "Woman Who Toils" can waste an hour most agreeably (and what is harder than to waste time well!) in the pleasant land of Lombarardy, looking unabashed over the wall, while John Blanchet explains to Maria Dolores that he is a poor but very-much-in-love Englishman. (Toronto: William Tynell & Co.)

A book bound in a cool, green linen cover, with smooth pages, large, clear print, and illustrations that are almost engravings, has, as final attractions, the name Thackeray in gold letters on the outside and the name G. K. Chesterton within. There has been some foolish talk about a Thackeray revival, as if the author of "Vanity Fair" and "Edmond" were really buried in Kensal Green Cemetery. The first part of this book of forty pages is taken up with an article by Mr. Chesterton, with the simple title, "Thackeray"; the latter part is given over to Mr. Lewis Melville, who writes of "The Characters and places of Thackeray's Books." Mr. Chesterton may be wilful, but he is never dull. Through all his criticism there blows a breeze of aggressive manliness and sincerity; and, when he comes to Thackeray there is the quick understanding of a kindred nature. In the attempt to sum up Thackeray's gospel he thus delivers himself—"it was the philosophy of the beauty and the glory of food. He believed and he found as St. Paul that in the ultimate realm of essential values God made the foolish things of earth to confound the wise. Mr. Lewis Melville's essay does not strike so hard as a note as the former, but is interesting in its Thackeray topography, and is finely illustrated. In brief, this new book is a masterpiece in conception and in execution. It is a book that will tempt those who love Thackeray, while those who are not admirers—but what is the use of considering people who do not like Thackeray? (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.)

A Boston publisher, Richard G. Badger, who published Miss Ethelwyn Wedderburn's "The Radiant Road," has brought out a volume of verse, "Songs By the Wayside," by William J. Fischer, a young Canadian, whose workmanship one must admit is exceedingly crude. The writer of "The Land of Dreams" and "Fables in the Street" ought to possess something of the true poetic feeling for beauty and melody of expression. But many of the poems are commonplace in conception and lacking in any rhythmic unity. There is genuine feeling and an artist's sense of color in many lines, but the author needs to make a careful study of poetic models before attempting such expression.

Such a book as "Harmon's Journals" is, or ought to be, interesting to Canadian readers. Harmon W. Harmon of the North-West Fur Company spent nineteen years of his life in the service of the company, eight years of which were passed beyond the Rocky Mountains. The introduction to the Journals was written by Daniel Haskeel in August, 1820, and the first entry in the Journal is dated at La Chienne, April, 1800. The account of the Indian tribes is given with a simplicity that is almost childlike and unconsciously graphic. One has a conviction that some of the religious reflections are the work of the editor rather than of

Food's Work

How It Cured Paralysis.

Paralysis comes from weak nerves and bad blood, and is often cured nowadays by proper feeding.

"For fifteen years I was an invalid, haven't walked a step for over twelve years, not able to move my feet, or even my toes."

"But recently a wonderful thing has happened, for I had never expected to have the use of my limbs again; a four months' diet of Grape-Nuts Food for breakfast and supper made the change, and now, just think of it, I can move my toes freely on my left foot and a little on the right foot, and can let the foot piece on my chair down and swing my feet vigorously, which I think is a wonderful improvement for the time I have used the food."

"And that is not all! My blood and my stomach are much better. I am confident my trouble came from too much rich food and an overstrain of the nerves, but my nerves are much better, my mind is clearer, and I don't forget things like I did. It must be the food, for I stopped taking medicine years ago for the paralysis."

"Of course I have the sympathy and prayers of many Christians, but it is wonderful what good, pure food will do for one out of health, and why would it not be as good to keep one's health up? I have heard lots of others praise Grape-Nuts, but I for one cannot praise it enough." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

Here was a well-defined case of paralysis, which came from weakened nerves and blood trouble, and which yielded almost immediately when proper food, Grape-Nuts, was substituted for improper food. There's a reason.

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Mr. Harmon. As the introduction says: "Certainly such passages look very strange in the same book with Mr. Harmon's confession of his reasons for accepting female companionship." The "Book Worm" is a very quaint and interesting reading, a welcome change from the historical fiction which is neither "fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring." (Toronto: The Morang Company, Limited.)

Professor George M. Wrong, M.A., of Toronto University, is the author of a new text-book, "The British Nation," a work that aims to cover "within the compass of a handy volume the salient features of the history of the British nation as it now stands before the world." The "Book Worm" will be welcome to Irish, Scotch and Welsh readers, to say nothing of the "dominions beyond the seas." The question asked by the Banjo Bard:

"What should they know of England Who only England know?"

is most pertinent in these days of imperial interest and contentment. It is inevitable that in a volume of less than six hundred pages, containing many illustrations, certain features of British growth should be very lightly treated. But Professor Wrong has succeeded in writing a thoroughly readable history, with pictures that, in some instances, tell the story of development for themselves. Such is the case with the architectural prints. The writer is eminently modern, dwelling upon social conditions rather than baronial wars and introducing the biographical element to a large extent. Writers of history seem to be discarding the old hero-or-villain style of regarding the great men of the nation, and adopting the view of Professor Morse Stephens, who said to us in Toronto in 1898: "Let us picture them as they really were—not as saints, not as fiends, but men and women who sinned, suffered and achieved!" There are many who consider all history dry, and the fault has been partly with the history. This latest contribution cannot fairly be charged with that fault, and ought to find many readers. The last chapter, "The Growth of the British Dominions," has been needed in our historical text-books, and will doubtless be appreciated by Canadians. (Toronto: The Morang Company, Limited.)

It is hardly to be hoped that Mr. W. W. Jacobs will write another book quite so good as "Many Carriages." But in "Old Craft" he has given us four stories that are good enough to make us feel that the author is keeping up his reputation as a writer of breezy yarns. Every story is worth telling and worth listening to, even when the hours dwindle in the small figures on the dial; but the first one—"The Money Box"—is a delightful narrative about Ginger Dick and Peter Russett, who tried to save and who—but who was it who spoiled it all. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.)

An English author, Mary E. Mann, has succeeded in writing an everyday story of everyday life without rushing to extremes, as the novelists of the present day so often do. The writer takes for her title the name of her heroine, "Mrs. Peter Howard." The latter is a young and inexperienced woman, who cares not a jot for her very commonplace husband. Her surroundings are ungenial, her life one of the most monotonous, and she finally drifts into an attachment with a fascinating military man who is the possessor of a wife and family. Matters reach a climax, and the distracting complications seem likely to ensue, when Fate steps in and alters the course that a mighty love dictates. Common sense and innate nobility win the day and the triumph is complete. The characters introduced are all very natural, the best people having their weak points and the most doubtful specimens of humanity their redeeming traits. The story is prettily told, being tinged with pathos and dashed with a quaint humor, and will appeal to lovers of romance. (Methuen's Colonial Library, London, England.)

A writer named Thomas Cobb is responsible for "The Head of the House," which is a novel, written by a schoolgirl with an ordinary education ought to be able to write without much effort. The story is about an heiress who is deeply in love with a young man who doesn't know his own mind nor heart, and who vacillates to a tiresome degree. In style and subject the book is distressingly tiresome and juvenile. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)

"What Shall We Do," by Count Leo Tolstoy, is a book that deals profoundly with the question of life and death, in such a melancholy strain that the answer to the title question seems to be "let us die." There is tremendous vigor in the description of the Russian life, and there is much truth in the deductions which Tolstoy makes as to our duty towards the afflicted. But, surely, it is neither necessary nor helpful to dwell upon the fact that the last chapter is dismal in the extreme and seems to hold out little hope for the human race, since man is about as idle and vicious as he ever was. The only salvation is to be consistent in acting as a beast of burden. There are two deficiencies in Tolstoy that greatly mar his work and render his counsel ineffective. He has no sense of humor nor a sense of the beautiful. He would take all that is amusing and all that is beautiful out of life and leave only what Mantalini would call "a demon of grimaces." He would only preach his dark doctrine of selfishness with more sweetness and light, his followers would be multiplied. He is, at times, utterly ridiculous, when he is treating of music and poetry. Doubtless, he is tremendously earnest, but he would rouse sympathy all the more readily if he could but stop to praise the lovable in seemingly selfish humanity. (London: The Free Age Press.)

Thoroughly up-to-date is "The Lightning Conductor," being the strange adventures of a motor car, as told by C. N. and A. M. Williamson. There is, of course, a marvelously beautiful, clever and attractive "American" heroine, Molly Randall, who has a chauffeur named Brown, who is an English gentleman, the Honorable Jack Winston, in disguise. The Southern France is graphically described in careless, epistolary fashion, and Sicily is pictured as the Happiest Isle, inasmuch as "Brown" is discovered and wins Miss Randall's heart. The story is brightly told, and the scenery is depicted with unusual picturesqueness; but we are somewhat weary of the Yankee girl who is all animation and superlatives. After all, her most attractive possession is her bank-book. The French girl is better dressed, the English girl has a softer voice, and the German woman is more domestic. But the fair creature from Chicago or New York has the dollars, and therefore she has the chauffeur also. The book is handsomely bound and illustrated. (Toronto: McLeod & Allen, J. G.)



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It will surely drive out

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The Blind Pig.

EVERY age has its civilization, but none is more picturesque or attractive than the dawning civilization of pioneer days in the Great West. There are reasons for this. Pioneers are recruited from two extremes of society—the nomadic and adventurous n'er-do-wells and the enterprising, hard-headed business men seeking new realms for commercial conquests. The early days are characteristic and equally entertaining.

"The Blind Pig" is not an agricultural term, and all the science of Farmer-General Dryden's department cannot correct the condition. Trout Rapids is the head of navigation on the Stormy River, and enjoyed a brief business boom during the construction of the Stormy River Railway. As usual, it had a hotel, kept by Messrs. Spirit and Hyde, and it appeared to have a monopoly of commercial success. This hotel had no license. Why we were never able to find out, for certainly the moral tone of the community would not object. They sold the worst of the liquor for the best of prices, to all who wished it. It was known throughout the locality as "The Blind Pig." When a stranger arrived and appeared surprised at the term, the old-timers simply looked at each other with feelings of pride and derision, about "half and half."

The discernment of "The Blind Pig" certainly belied its name, for by some unknown process or intuition the visit of the license inspector was always known two or three days in advance. Then the order went forth to "cache the booze" and show up the lemon soot, the latter being kept for these occasions only. The habitual frequenters were cautioned as to their conversation, and conduct during the inspector's stay. Two old habits who could not be trusted were given a heart to heart talk by the proprietors, and advised to "hit the grade" for a day or two. They accepted the situation, and started down the track to another camp fifteen miles distant. The proprietors were at the steamboat landing to welcome the inspector. The best supper possible was provided for him. The order of the place would "melt a missionary." The inspector inspected everything except the capacious cellar of a small shack standing a few yards from the main building. The morning morning Messrs. Spirit and Hyde accompanied the inspector to the boat. Quite a few had collected to see him off. He was certainly the star guest of the settlement. As he crossed the gangplank his hosts handed him a box of "twofers," requesting him to accept it "as a memento of his visit." He complied with the request, and the little gathering moved toward "The Blind Pig" as one man. The "softs" were quickly set aside, the booze reinstated, for not only did they have to celebrate the inspector's visit, but they had to make up fifteen hours' lost time. Conditions at the hostelry on the evening of this day would convince the most incredulous that they had arrived. J. SMITH.

He Was Calm.

"You women vex and fret yourselves too much about trifles," said Mr. Blunderbally to his wife the other day, after she had happened to say that she thought it "very strange" that she

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Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables. It cleanses the complexion and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

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All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell of a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but, on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

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could not find her scissors, for which she had been hunting half the morning. "You allow yourselves to get up over mere nothings. Now, what if we men, with all our cares, did the same thing? But we don't. We're under better mental discipline. We hold ourselves in check. We—by George, I don't train my mind. Where's my hat? I left it on the rack when I came in. Where the dickens is that hat? It's mighty curious—that a thing once laid down in this house can never be found again! Where the dickens is that hat? Here, you children, fly about and help find it. It makes me feel mad to think that—no, I didn't put it in any other place. I'll swear I put it on the rack. I'll be hanged if—oh, I don't care a button how many chairs I upset! I'll find that hat, by George, if I have to tear the house down and throw it out of the window! It beats everything I know—Found it yet? No, and it never will be found. I've an idea that it will never be seen again on this earth. I don't care if I did smash that vase. Wish I had broken the pair of them. I'm wild enough to—ah! so you've found it, have you? Where was it? In the hall cupboard? I didn't put it there. What? Jane says I did, for she saw me? She'd better not say that to me! I dare her to! Well, now I'm off!"

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She had made up her mind to take out a life insurance policy and appeared before the examining physician. "What's your name?" he asked in his crisp business way, and she looked indignant as she answered.

"Age?"

"I didn't come here to answer impertinent questions, sir. I came to be insured."

"But we must know your age in order to fix the rate."

"What rate?"

"The amount you must pay annually for being insured."

"Thirty-three, then," she snapped.

"You must be accurate or it will invalidate the policy."

"Forty," but I must say I never heard of such impudence."

"Weight?"

"I don't know. Neither does anyone else. Just as though that would make any difference."

"Married or single?"

"Single, thank heaven! Not but what I've had plenty of fun—"

"Of course. Any insanity in your family?"

"Sir!" and she tried her best to congeal him with a look.

"It appears to me that you don't want to be insured, madam."

"And you've got it right first time. I don't propose to be a 'Times' encyclopedia for you or any other gossip-monger," and she bounded out with a vigor that made the doctor think that she was a pretty good subject after all. —"Pick-Me-Up."

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Vol. 17 TORONTO, CANADA, MARCH 19, 1904. No. 19

DRAMA



THE prevailing entertainment at the modern theater is undoubtedly musical comedy, and the reason for the fashion is not far to seek. The modern audience desires neither instruction nor elevation. It craves amusement; and, the larger the city, the more desire the public shows to conjugate the verb "to amuse" in the passive voice. In New York, for instance, a modern critic has asserted that it is almost impossible to have a quiet game of whist, such as every country town rejoices in. The strain of daily business life and the nervous exhaustion of metropolitan competition make theater-goers entirely unwilling to exert their thinking or speculative powers. Pretty girls, sparkling dialogue and catchy choruses are the best source of relaxation, and it is small wonder that the season's programme shows a long list of musical comedies with only a very thin slice of meat in the sandwich in the form of a "sure enough" play. Even in Toronto, which is far from being a commercial rival to Chicago, we have had a series of musical comedies with comparatively few lapses into legitimate drama, and our citizens have been only too glad to go in out of the cold and have a good laugh. Certainly we have required this winter the play that cheers—the inebriation is not far to seek. It is rather surprising that the trouble in the Orient and the ruction about Port Arthur have not revived "The Mikado" with its wandering minstrel and its enchanting "Yum-Yum." Gilbert and Sullivan have not been equalled yet by any twentieth-century combination and we could very easily stand the old operas again.

"A Country Girl" has been away for two long weeks, and many of its old friends have welcomed it back tumultuously this week, and the Princess Theater has again been crowded, for Sophie, Marjorie, and the rest of them are the jolliest ever and the people will see them in spite of obstructions caused by the arrival of more snow and the non-arrival of street cars. It has been said that those who are late for the theater sometimes leave home with the best intentions, but the fatal train becomes suddenly powerless, halts for about fifteen minutes, and the theater-bound passenger resigns himself to missing half the first act, all on account of the little delays of the street railway system. There was general regret when it was known that Mr. John Slavin was no longer acting as "Barry." But Mr. Clarence Harvey, who now takes the part, proves quite as acceptable, being as excellent an aid to digestion as his predecessor. Miss Deyo dances more charmingly than any other maiden who has tripped across the boards this year, and her costumes are quite flower-like in effect, especially the poppy gown in which she first appears. The Rajah of Bhong is more imperially attractive than ever and sings his many stanzas about "peace" in the midst of popular clamor. Toronto is thoroughly faithful to a favorite, as Mr. Willard can testify, and "A Country Girl" will probably find us even more true to her charms than was Mr. Geoffrey Chaucer.

At the Grand Opera House "The Burgomaster" has proved a successful attraction this week, as it has on former occasions. Miss Ruth White, as Willie Astorbilt, is the most striking member of the company, her dainty figure and melodious voice making her an immediate favorite. The part of "Burgomaster" is difficult to fill, either vocally or physically, but Mr. Oscar L. Fegman proves equal to the occasion. "The Tale of the Kangaroo" is the most catchy vocal number and is repeated until even a Toronto audience is almost satisfied.

The fare at Shea's Yonge street resort this week is generously good. From the moment the Pantzer Trio appeared on the stage introducing some contortions work which was little short of marvelous, and calculated to give the shivers to anyone rheumatically inclined, till the kinetograph in an amusing escapade termed "The Pickpocket," which makes very plain the ease with which a "buzzer" can outwit the peace guardians of some other place but Toronto, the audience are kept extremely wide awake. Callahan and Mack in a dialogue, aided by a very neat stage setting, characteristic of semi-rural scenes in the "old sod," related a few fond recollections which made the "stalls" offered in the late civic election case sound like the fabrications of a four-year-old. The Four Bard Brothers, hand acrobats, didn't take much time, but the audience could have stood for a whole lot more of the same. Lewis Bloom bloomed like one of Mrs. Wiggs' cabbages. There is nothing tramp about Lewis, except his clothes. His monologue is bright and he has a goodly supply. He is ably assisted in many different ways by the kind Lady of Silent Nook Villa, and together they indulge in a reel which takes all the stiffness out of the back-door man and likewise out of the assemblage. Press Eldridge is a very funny black face artist. He made a few strenuous remarks about mankind in general which were certainly pointed enough, but a few verses of that everlasting song were objectionable and might advisedly be side-tracked.

London and New York are seldom without a play by Mr. James M. Barrie, although the triumph of "The Little Minister" has not been repeated. The Barrie attraction of this season is "Little Mary," a drama which, curiously enough, introduces diet as a central interest. A New York critic has cleverly summed up its teaching by calling it "Sentimental Tummy."

Vesta Tilley will be at Shea's Theater next week. This announcement alone ought to be sufficient to pack the theater at every performance and keep a crowd waiting on the sidewalk to get in at the show. It is ten years since Vesta Tilley was in America. At that time she visited only a few of the larger cities, and orchestra seats never sold for less than \$2.50 each. Miss Tilley receives double the salary ever paid to a single vaudeville performer, and in fact any act that has appeared in vaudeville. This clever little Englishwoman who wears men's apparel so gracefully has a history filled with stage triumphs. In the boy's parts in "Sinbad the Sailor," "Robinson Crusoe," "Queen of Hearts," "The Forty Thieves,"



Pretty Chorus Girls from "The Isle of Spice."

"Robin Hood," and "Dick Whittington," she has been the hit of all these productions. Vesta Tilley was born in England, raised in Birmingham, her father a comedian and manager of the Music Hall. She herself made her first professional debut at the age of five years. From that day to this her career has never known what the word fail means. Many Torontonians have seen this clever woman, and thousands more have heard her. The demand for seats indicates that she will break all records at Shea's Yonge street theater. Other splendid features of the bill are Keough and Ballard, who sing, dance and imitate various stage characters; the Quaker City Quartette, in a new musical act, called "The Village Blacksmiths;" Blockson and Burns; the Sandor Trio, herculean gymnasts; the Sisters Gasch, acrobats; Wood and Ray, with a funny bunch of nonsense, and the kinetograph, with new pictures.



On Good Friday Mr. E. S. Williamson, the well-known Dickens specialist, will present "Pickwick Illustrated" at the Conservatory Music Hall. In this entertainment Mr. Williamson portrays the humorous masterpieces of Dickens, with one hundred stereoscopic pictures, from original drawings by Seymour, Buss, "Phiz," Sir John Gilbert, Darley, Onwhyn, Barnard, "Kyd" and other artists. Glionna's orchestra will assist. The show opens at Tyrrell's Book Shop on Tuesday, 29th instant.

The family of musical farces which has heretofore numbered so many girls at last counts something out of the ordinary. "The Isle of Spice," which has scored such an enormous hit in Chicago, where it was originally produced and presented more than 150 times to packed houses, will be offered for the first time in this city at the Princess Theater for one week beginning Monday, March 21st. It is the work, as usual, of no less than four collaborators, men whose never-flagging zeal and industry in cutting out and putting together these pieces suggest four little tailors. The music of "The Isle of Spice" is, it is said, quite above the accustomed level. There are a dozen numbers which catch the ear pleasantly and are likely to be kept in mind for a long time after the curtain is down. More prominent among these, sure to be whistled, are "Peggy Brady," "Mercenary Mary Ann," "While Sam's Marines," "Four Wise Owls," and "The Goo-Goo Man." One of the book's best merits is the negative one of lacking much of the offensive silliness which has characterized some of its predecessors, and it has to be admitted, too, that its exhibitions of exceptional cleverness are rather more widely scattered than might be wished. The cast is said to be one of the best ever seen in musical comedy, and contains many famous names. Miss Alice Yorke of this city, better known as Alice C. Hill, will make her local debut with this company, playing a prominent part.

Items of Sport.

DEVOTEES of the king of sports are gradually coming to the point where there will be a strong outcry for true amateurism in yachting. In land sports—and every aquatic sport, too, except yachting—the man who takes money is branded as a professional and must not mix with the "spotless" lambs in the amateur fold. When a wolf is discovered in the flock there is a rush and the wolf goes out neck and crop.

How about the yachting world?

Every man from the commodore down takes the cash every time he can get his hands upon it, and sees nothing amiss. Why shouldn't the yachtman who accepts prize-money be branded as a professional the same as the bicycle racer who gets the jingling silver for shoeing around a saucer track at a two-minute clip?

The stock argument in favor of prize-money is that racing yachts are expensive things and the prize-money goes a long way to relieve the burden.

Indeed! the financial strain?

Just recall the names of those who own big yachts in Toronto!

Do they require any financial aid? What is the \$300 or \$400 prize-money to them? Does it amount to a row of shucks? They are able to pay their professional crews without the prize-money. Indeed, some of them distribute the prize-money among their paid hands as a bonus. If they want to reward the men before the mast for their activity and vigilance during a race, let them do it out of their own pockets. They would never feel the strain. Let the club put the money into silverware, prize flags, shields, and similar lasting tokens of supremacy, won in hard-fought battles over the buoyed course. This talk about cash prizes being necessary to meet heavy expenses is begging the question. It is time that the quibbling was ended and yachtsmen lived up to the spirit of the Corinthian rule. The cash prize should be relegated to the shelf along with the professional helmsman. How much more satisfactory it would be if professional skippers were barred from such contests as "Canada's Cup."

This talk about the boat owners losing interest in the races because of the withdrawal of the prize-money is all balderdash. How many R.C.Y.C. yachtsmen would come out on race days for the sake of the money there is in it? They come for the excitement keen competition gives to the contest, and trophies that could be hung in the cabin or winter den could not be purchased for a dozen times their value once they were won. Think of the tales such trophies would conjure up around the winter's fire in the den, or in the cabin, as the good craft nosed her way up and down the lake in the good old summer time.

Just while we are on the question of launch racing, don't you think that now is the proper time for the introduction of legislation regarding construction? Now is the crucial time. Launch-racing is in its infancy. Freak racing machines will kill the sport just as surely as freak racing machines smothered out the interest in yacht racing. Yachtsmen on the great lakes have just succeeded after years of ceaseless striving in legislating the racing shell out of existence. They are having barrels of sport out of racing good wholesome craft and so will launch-owners, too, when this auto-boat racing fad has departed. Just so long as racing restrictions, or rather unrestricted, permit it, will the wealthy devotee come along with his basket-work hulls and light motors and trim the pet of his more humble neighbor so far that the little fellow will feel like taking his launch up into the front lawn for a flower bed. What we want now are stringent regulations regarding beam, freeboard, immersed sections, planking, ribbing and general construction, and a strict rule regarding weight of motors per horse power. The limitation of weight in motors will keep high-power engines out of these "plank-on-edge" racing machines. Besides, in the struggle for lightness, safety, and durability is suffering, and that hurts the sport, too, for no one wants to be always tinkering with a weak motor. These flimsily built boats are, too, a source of much trouble. Compel the construction of boats that will stand the wear and tear of at least two seasons.

What do you think of the coat of whitewash? When sporting organizations composed of men like those

who are in the Toronto Lacrosse Club, handle such a scandal in kid gloves, what can be expected from the smaller fry?

Can Toronto point the finger of scorn at the Ottawa Lacrosse Club? Ottawa's famous champion team was almost obliterated by a swoop of the guardians of Canadian amateur sport. What is to be the fate of the Torontos? Is this coat of whitewash to deceive anybody?

The men who got the money should be named.

Some people laughed at the Marlboros when they came back from Ottawa and characterized their tale of abuse and brutality at the hands of the Ottawas as a hard luck cry and bade them cease whimpering. But just listen to this serial of woe from the Brandon team of Stanley Cup chasers:

"Our faces cut to ribbons by stick butts," "slashed over the head from behind," "jabbed when the referee wasn't looking," "cross-checked in the throat and face," "kicked in the ankles."

Does it look as if the Toronto boys were whimpering? Those Brandon chaps are "picked men, every one of them," and they can rough it with anything in the West, where hockey matches are not noted for their gentleness nor players for their Damon and Pythias or Jonathan and Samuel qualities.

CORINTHIAN.

Society at the Capital.

THE principal events of the Ottawa season, the Opening of Parliament and the Drawing-room, always bring in their train numerous smaller gay functions for the entertainment of the numbers of strangers who flock to the Capital for this gay period, and each particular hostess appears to have her own particular coterie of friends whom she wishes to entertain. After the Opening ceremonies on Friday afternoon, Mrs. A. G. Blair was the hostess at an exceedingly pleasant tea, devoted almost entirely to married ladies, when Mrs. Snowball, wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, and her daughter were the guests of honor, and Mrs. Snowball had the pleasure of renewing many old acquaintances as well as forming new ones. Mrs. George Blair of Halifax and Mrs. Hazen Hansard poured tea and coffee and the decorations of white and yellow tulips were very pretty and suggestive of the coming spring. Another bright tea on Friday was that given by Miss Laura Smith at which the honored guest was Miss Ada Lindsay of Montreal, when about fifty young people met and had a jolly afternoon. The Drawing-room on Saturday night was the excuse for many merry supper-parties after the ordeal of the presentation had been gone through, and the hostesses who entertained in this popular manner were Mrs. Duncan Scott, Mrs. F. C. Clemow, Mrs. E. G. Grant, and Mrs. Chrysler.

The popularity of the appointment of the new Speaker of the Commons, Mr. Belcourt was demonstrated on Saturday evening after the conclusion of the presentations, when Mr. and Mrs. Belcourt held a reception in the Chamber of the House of Commons and every person with hardly an exception, after making their bow to vice-Royalty passed on to offer their warmest congratulations to Mr. Belcourt and his charming wife, who was also assisted by her younger sister, Miss Josephine Haycock, who is one of the season's prettiest debutantes.

The State Dinner at Government House on Thursday evening, as well as being more largely attended than on any previous occasion, was of more than usual interest, as after the dinner, His Excellency went through the pleasant ceremony of presenting the Imperial Service Order medals to Lieutenant Colonel Henry R. Smith, Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons; Dr. Robert Bell, Director of the Geological Survey, and Mr. U. S. Gregory of Quebec, Major Maude reading the warrant in connection therewith. Later on in the evening the usual reception for the wives and daughters of the dinner guests was held by Lady Minto, who wore an exceedingly handsome princess gown of white panne velvet with sparkling sequins trimming, and was assisted in receiving her guests by Lady Eileen Elliot, looking extremely pretty in a gown of soft white material with touches of blue and forget-me-nots. Miss Horatio Seymour, who was also present, wore a costume of black and white with violets, and a recent guest at Government House, Miss Price of New York, was gowned in a pretty little green chiffon costume.

Captain Dyke, A.D.C. to General Sir Charles Parsons, is also at present a guest of His Excellency and Lady Minto.

Among the more recent arrivals in Ottawa are the following, some of whom have come to stay some weeks, while others remained only for the special events of the Opening, and its attendant festivities: Miss Elsie Keefe of Toronto is with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Keefe, at Rockcliffe Manor; Miss Nesbitt of Woodstock arrived on Thursday to pay a short visit to her uncle, Mr. Justice Nesbitt and Mrs. Nesbitt; Miss Sullivan, daughter of the Chief Justice of Prince Edward Island, is staying with her sister, Mrs. Willie Scott; Mr. and Mrs. George Lindsay of Toronto arrived on Friday and will be in the capital for a few days and are Mrs. Drummond Hogg's guests; Mr. and Mrs. T. Leopold Wilson of Metcalfe street have visited Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Little of Woodstock and Miss Kennedy of Port Dover, and so on, the list increasing every day.

Mrs. A. W. Buchanan and Mrs. Harold Hampson of Montreal are with Mrs. O'Halloran, wife of the Deputy Minister of Agriculture, and on Friday Mrs. O'Halloran was the hostess at a small tea given for her guests, when many out-of-town visitors were present, among them being Mrs. Doull of Halifax, Mrs. Alfred Denison of Toronto, and Mrs. Fairbanks of Montreal. On the same afternoon Mrs. Douglas and Miss Hill of Lisgar street entertained at the tea-hour in honor of Miss Davidson and Miss Ritchie, who have come from Scotland to visit Mrs. Douglas.

Two or three card parties varied the programme of the week and Mrs. H. Allan Bates' "euchre" on Tuesday evening was particularly jolly, Miss Ada Lindsay of Montreal being the "raison d'être" of gathering together about fifty of Ottawa's brightest young people, who enjoyed the game thoroughly. Mrs. George Burn entertained on Wednesday night at a bridge party, which, like all evenings devoted to this modern and always popular game, was most enjoyable. Mrs. Burn's out-of-town guests were Miss Eva Miles of Toronto, Miss McGill of Peterboro', Mrs. F. C. Hood of Toronto, and Mr. Ewart of Winnipeg.

A pleasant rumor is in circulation to the effect that Lady Minto intends giving a skating party in Montreal shortly at the Victoria Rink, when the eight young people who gave such a good exhibition of fancy skating at Lady Minto's party at the Rideau Rink lately, will, it is said, be asked to accompany the vice-Regal party, so that Montrealeers will have the opportunity of witnessing what Ottawa skaters can accomplish. The carnival in Aberdeen Rink under the auspices of the Ottawa Hockey Club, which is to come off this evening, is all in readiness for the "button to be touched," and up to the present everyone has been on the tiptoe of expectation as to what would be produced in the matter of weather, which, however, is most promising, the clerk of the weather having done his prettiest and a gloriously bright winter's day being the outcome. Government House will contribute to this week's social enjoyment with two dinner parties, one on Wednesday the 16th, and another on the following day.

Ottawa, March 14th, 1904. THE CHAPERONE.

Peace and Ten Acres.

Half the world fightin',
Or raisin' a row;
But I'm thankful fer peace,
An' ten acres to plow!

The lark 's in the furrow,
The light's on the loam,
And I'm only ten acres—
Thank heaven!—from home.

Let 'em fight out their folly;
The bird's on the bough,
An' I'm thankful fer peace,
An' ten acres to plow!

—Atlanta "Constitution."

Undecided.

One day a certain professor of mathematics at O. University prepared to set out on a short journey on horseback. He was an absent-minded person, and while saddling the animal was thinking out some intricate problem. Some students stood near and watched him abstractedly place the saddle on hind-part-before.

"Oh, professor," exclaimed one of the group, "you are putting the wrong end of your saddle foremost."

"Young man," replied the professor with some tartness, "you are entirely too smart. How do you know it is wrong, when I have not told you in which direction I intend to go?"

MISS RUTH WHITE
in "The Burgomaster."MISS VESTA TILLEY
at Shea's next week.

By the Way.

By CANADIENNE.

TO attack a nation is absurd; to attack womanhood is worse than a crime—it is a folly. Mr. T. W. H. Crosland wrote a foolish book when he penned the chapters of "The Unspeakable Scot"; but he placed himself in great peril when he sent forth the volume, "Lovely Woman," which is practically an arraignment of the daughters of Eve, for the various errors which they from time to time most grievously have committed. The age of chivalry is not so gone as Edmund Burke declared it to be something more than a century ago, and the "St. James' Gazette" came to the aid of the berated sex with Bayard-like courage. Mr. Crosland had uttered the following wish:

When I look out upon life in my calmest moments I am prone to wish that all women were widows. If they were, the amount of human suffering on the earth would, to say the least, be sensibly reduced.

The editor of "St. James' Gazette" was moved to wrath, his pen leaped from its scabbard and the following paragraph appeared, to be followed by a libel suit, the plaintiff being the worthy Mr. Crosland:

If true, it is of no particular profundity. But when we think of Mr. Crosland, even in his "calmest moments," as a prospective and possibly actual husband, we are inclined to agree that if one woman at any rate were a widow "the amount of human suffering on the earth would, to say the least, be sensibly reduced."

The Justice was not at all moved by Mr. Crosland's plea and declared that the book itself was "one of the foulest libels on English womanhood." The extracts read from the book were assuredly fierce, such as—"at ten, woman is faithless, spiteful, cruel, mercilese, vindictive, and illogical; and at twenty she is the same, only more cunning and a trifle more commercial." Such statements as these were called humor by the author; but the Justice took a more serious view of the epigrams, giving the gentleman of several initials a most uncomfortable quarter of an hour. Someone has been unkind enough to suggest that Mr. Crosland's heart was once crushed by a Scotch lassie of coquettish ways, and he has taken ink vengeance in the two volumes already named. But the "Gazette" wrote the "most unkindest" criticism of all when it stated concerning Mr. Crosland that his choice of subjects was restricted to "boose and umbrellas" and he could not speak of umbrellas. If there exists a Mrs. Crosland she must be a happy lady, in view of the verdict, and perhaps the author will hear from his hearthstone the dear old refrain, "I told you so." That sprightly journal deservedly known as "Pick-Me-Up" thus comments on the case:

No one objects to woman being made the subject of a good-humored jest, but when it comes to metaphorically bludgeoning her and pulverizing her fragile form by jumping on her with both feet, it's another matter. Even a humorist must sacrifice his art to his heart at times.

Oh, lovely woman, let who will
Your trivial faults portray,
Despite them all we know you're still
The Hamlet of our play,
You rise above the cynic's sneers,
You shame their puerile wit,
And all the world would be in tears
If you were out of it.

The small boy is usually held up by the press and the pulpit as a thing of mischief and an anxiety forever. But those two youths living near London who discovered the broken rails and hurried to give information, thereby averting a serious railroad accident, are the right kind of citizens. The fact that they waited for neither thanks nor reward is also a credit to the manliness that finds the deed sufficient and cares not for "laity"—a substance abhorrent to the wholesome boy, save in the concrete form. In fact, anything like fulsome usually draws from the young victim only the exclamation, "What're ye givin' us?" or "Aw! gwan!" While the grown-up patronizer is pitying the boy for his awkwardness and blunders, the uncouth youngster is mentally weighing his elderly acquaintance and finding him sadly wanting in savoir faire. Perhaps no novelist has come nearer to giving us the boy in his native independence than George Eliot in Tom Tulliver, who was as stoutly bound a pocket edition of John Bull as ever trudged across an English meadow.

Many weird things are written about Canada in the journals of the United States, and this statement, as scribbled by a woman of lively imagination, is worthy of remark:

"In Canada, where this (becoming frost-bitten) is a common occurrence, it is permissible for a passerby to seize a handful of snow—the cure for frostbite—and rushing up to you apply it (without stopping to ask permission) to that portion of your exposed surface which happens to be frozen."

Would you just listen to that! We have experienced a winter which has made the Oldest Inhabitant turn his face to the wall and give up the ghost without casting a single longing, lingering look behind on the frosty joys he was leaving. But has any one in Toronto seen a frost-bitten person approached by a passerby who straightway applied snow to the afflicted one? Yet the lady says it is a common occurrence, and we are not citizens of the capital of Ontario? Perhaps, in the Klondike, or whatever uncouth corner Alverstone has left us in the far North-West, it may be proper to become frost-bitten on the way to a bargain sale of sealskin, and it may be regarded as a Good Samaritan act for an unruly stranger to rub your ears or nose with a handful of snow or to apply an ice poultice to your congealing brow. But we hasten to assure the "folks over the wall" that in Toronto we should not be guilty of such lack of propriety even in first aid to the frozen. Canada means just a little more than a strip of ice somewhere near the North Pole, and we know enough to ask permission when we desire to resent actively the liberties which Jack Frost is taking with the countenance of a friend. We have not suffered this winter more than Buffalo or Rochester, and we urge the consideration of the map of Canada upon United States writers desiring to place upon paper their impressions concerning our temperature and our etiquette in the civilized belt.

All sorts of queer things come out of Chicago. Its professors are never weary of sending startling information abroad, although the fact that Professor Triggs has just been dropped from the faculty of Chicago University may somewhat check the ardor of the professor with theories to burn. The reason given for omitting to mention Professor Triggs on the list is that he has got into the newspapers entirely too often to display the dignity that should go with academic distinction. I don't believe that Mr. Triggs meant to go wrong and get in the columns of the Sunday journals; but his name was alluring to the journalistic eye and the public ear. No he can lecture, start a new magazine, have a breakfast food or a rest cure and be a millionaire ever after. "Triggs' Tricuits" would take with the Great Unorthodox, while a book entitled "Why I Went From Chicago" would be sure to sell in St. Louis. However, the latest sensation from a Chicago professor is the assertion that bathing is a filthy practice and that we should go untubed. We draw the line at an unsanctified bath. In the sacred name of "Pears" which has braved a thousand years (more or less) the grime and the dust of Europe and America, we beg to stand by or fall in the daily bath.

Confetti.

If an ambassador is a person who lies abroad for his country's good, an editor is one who lies at home for his own.—Dr. Johnson.

Pity is akin to love; but it is a poor relation.—"Life."

Real life has no conclusion but real death, and that is a sad ending to a tale, and one which may well be left to the imagination when it is possible.—Adam Johnstone's Son.

The trouble with most actors is that they have never played a part in real life.—Selected.

Love is eternal for a whole week after the wedding.—"Life."

Ever keep Hope, for in this is strength, and he who possesses it can worry through typhoid.—"Counsels."

Accept on trust and work in darkness, strike at venture, stumble forward, make your mark (it's chalk on granite), then thank God.—"One Vicerey Resigns."

The social diplomat is never wiser than his hostess, nor wittier than his host.—"The Cynic's Posy."

The motives you appeal to betray your estimate of the man.—"Life."

Would you say that a beautiful face is more real than a picture of it?—yet the picture will remain long after the face

has passed away. Then should one not rather say that it was the face that was the dream, and the picture the reality?—"The Shadow of the Rose."

Touching umbrellas, every man is a Socialist.—"The Cynic's Posy."

I am always afraid that clumsy kindness will step on my feet.—"Chief Joseph."

Men resemble cats in that they need only to be stroked in the right direction; it becomes, therefore, a problem only of direction.—"The Critic."

You do not have to eat grubs because they taste sweet to the bear.—"Chief Joseph."

Marriages are made in heaven, but you can get very good imitations down here.—Arthur Pendenys.

An editor of a temperance journal printed on the outside cover of the publication: "For the lamentable results of intemperance, see our inside."—"The Critic."

Lavender Leaves.

The waving corn was green and gold
The damask roses blown,
The bees and busy spinning-wheel
Kept up a drowsy drone.
When Mistress Standish, folding down
Her linen, white as snow,
Between it laid the lavender
One summer long ago.

The slender spikes of greyish green
Still moist with morning dew,
Recalled a garden sweet with box
Beyond the ocean's blue,
An English garden, quaint and old,
She nevermore might know,
And so she dropped a homesick tear
That summer long ago.

The yellow sheets grew worn and thin,
And fell in many a shred;
Some went to bind a soldier's wounds,
And some to shroud the dead,
And Mistress Standish rests her soul
Where graves their shadows throw
And violets blossom, planted there
In summers long ago.

But still between the royal rose
And lady lily lay
Springs up the modest lavender
Beside the cottage wall.
The spider spreads her gossamer
Across it to and fro—
The ghost of linen laid to bleach
One summer long ago.

—"New England Magazine."

Burdette and The W. C. T. U.

(The Reverend Robert tells the temperance ladies of Los Angeles to leave things to God.)

IN the good old days when "Bob" Burdette was an unregenerate newspaper man, and a humorist by way of relaxation, he is said to have known something of practical methods in manipulating a prohibition town. He is now a Baptist minister, and by virtue of his profession and his spiritual experiences, the members of the W. C. T. U. of Los Angeles, an organization consisting of nine hundred members, the largest of its initials under the sun, invited him to make a few remarks. According to the Los Angeles "Times" of March 4, the reverend gentleman thus independently delivered himself:

"You say that prohibition prohibits drinking, but it doesn't. I have been pretty near everywhere hereabout; been beyond the Jordan and among the Arabs, but I never saw a town where a fellow couldn't get a drink of whisky if he wanted it."

"A man living in Pasadena (a dry town) don't have to come to Los Angeles to get a drink of whisky; he can get it in Pasadena. Every now and then we pick up a man for being drunk on the street, and fine him a hundred dollars. He pays it and goes out to hunt another drink."

The speaker humorously illustrated the prohibition theory by the mother who sought to prohibit her boys from the use of certain dainties by hiding them away in the farthestmost corner of the highest shelf, with the inevitable result of sharpening the appetite and strengthening the determination to get at them. He declared that while there was a possibility of preventing the boy getting possession of the coveted article, the enforced abstinence failed to teach him anything, and he would stick to it until he gained his desire.

"Men continue to give their lives to find the North Pole. It won't be worth anything when they find it, but they'll stick to it until they succeed."

"You can't prohibit the use of anything by telling a man he can't have it. You can't cure a man's appetite for whisky by all the legislation in the world. The children of Israel rebelled at their daily supply of fresh breakfast food and longed for the flesh-pots of Egypt."

"Take a pig out of the sty; wash him, rub him, make him shine like a piece of marble; turn him out and the first thing he will do will be to root the roses out of the garden. He's a pig still."

"You can't cleanse a man from the outside. You might as well try to cure his appetite for mince pie; he always liked mince pie and always will."

"God's 'Thou shalt not,' when you get down to the heart of it, means 'Thou ought not.' Teach a man he ought not, and after a while you will cure him. You say it will take a long time. Yes; I think God has been working with us about 7,000

years. In His own way and in His own time He will bring it about."



Mr. W. R. Percival Parker.
(President of Canadian Club.)

years. In His own way and in His own time He will bring it about."

"Leave things to God; don't meddle with His providences; don't suggest too many ways to Him. Never lose hope; go on with your work, but remember that 'thou shalt not' is not as good a way as 'thou ought not.'"

There was just a tiny ripple of applause as Mr. Burdette took his seat, but most of the ladies looked their displeasure.

Warm Words.

MR. WILLIAM WINTER, the dramatic editor of the New York "Tribune," is so incensed with the stupidity of "The Younger Mrs. Farling," a play in which Miss Annie Russell lately appeared, that he has written the following fierce attack on the modern drama. Mr. Winter is well-known as a writer of delicate prose, such as "Old Shrimps and Ivy," "Shakespeare's England," "Gray Days and Gold," and his strong words have double force, coming, as they do, from a man who appreciates the true and powerful in literature and drama. He has a peculiar abhorrence for the morbid, unhealthy plays in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mrs. Fiske, and the impossible Mrs. Leslie Carter delight. Here is the criticism:

It is a melancholy fact that most of the contemporary things that are praised are praised only because they used to be fine, and because it is hard and painful to admit they are fine no longer. There are more than forty theaters in and about New York, and there scarcely is one of them in which anybody is doing anything that is interesting or important. They are open as wood-yards are open, and scores of persons are sawing wood in them. Veterans, who might have played before Noah, when he landed from the Ark, wander about the flats and totter and mumble. Persons who were "supers" yesterday are "stars" to-day. Three-cornered girls, proclaimed as "actresses," rasp the welkin with voices that rival the screech of the peacock. The slimy muck of Mr. Ibsen and the lunacy of Mr. Maeterlinck are made to trickle into the public mind and turn the public stomach.

Degenerates from foreign lands, provided with rancid plays about libertines and wantons, fix a steadfast gaze on the coast of Greenland and whisper to the scenery in the third groove, and are vaunted as prodigies of "genius" and "intensity." Historical demi-reps of England and France are theatrically celebrated for social delinquency. Women whom scandalous divorce has made notorious, diffuse upon the theater their foul repulse. Prize-fighters and unspeakable cranks—John L. Sullivan, "Kid" McCoy, and Carrie Nation—are obtruded as "actors." The plays of the hour are mostly furnished by writers who manifest the brain of the rabbit combined with the dignity of the wet hen. It seems only necessary to push a hole in the wall and call it a theater, and a multitude rushes into it to sweat and snigger.

The Office-Boy's Record.

Monday, hired;
Tuesday, tired;
Wednesday, fired!—F. R. Batchelder.

"Dear me! I wasn't aware that Mr. Sanders was addicted to drink!" "Well, sir, he don't get drunk often, but when he do he do!"

"I was up to see Bill at the 'Orsepal' yesterday." "How is he?" "You wouldn't know 'im! They gives the poor fellow a bath every mornin'."

Lady Gay's Column.

THE ways of nature are so old; so much older than the ways of men and women, that we invariably in our expression copy some of them. Have you ever traced out this involuntary imitation? Just as an example of what I say, remark the brooding, portentous sky before a snow storm and watch the face of a sulky person, who will never rage nor tear, but go heavy laden with a cold dislike. Watch the radiant, luminous, dazzling sky at noontide and think of some regal conquering face you have seen and bowed before. Watch the lowering, awful, black skies before a thunder storm and they will recall some violently wrathful face of some tremendous creature, whose words were sword-thrusts and whose tones deep and awful. Watch the most capricious, wilful and lovable face of the most impulsive and emotional woman you know, and is it not as the skies of April with their rage of showers and penitent dropping tears and sudden burst of sunshine that almost laughs down upon you; and lastly watch the turbulent clouds drifting before the storm, blotting out the sky and hurrying without aim or volition to some far away void. Are they not the reckless, the wayward, the foredoomed, hastening to the inevitable end? The tenderness of the young June moon may be so kind as to recall that first shy look of love on the face that was the only one we could see. The broad wide, pure light of Luna at her fullest may remind one of the gracious motherhood that beams from some sweet and peaceful woman's eyes, and so, ad infinitum, about any other part of the great scheme.

To get on with all the world, one must give every one what they want, to the shy ones, sympathy and encouragement, to the slow ones patience and to the swift ones at least a merry wave of the hand. This is such a simple proposition that it is strange not to see it honored. Yet every day one sees the woman to whom love and petting would be the touch of eternal youth, starved and ignored into a cynical old age, the quiet, unobtrusive and reticent man upbraided as a stony hearted and disagreeable person, the wayward railed at, and the sensitive sneered at. It is no wonder there is so much discord; it's a great wonder there isn't much more. The person who aims to make others comfortable and grateful must realize keenly their needs, and supply them from the never-failing store of a great unselfishness. It doesn't take a high state of mental cleverness to do this, for you may have noticed that what are called "clever" people don't usually get on well with the rest of mankind. A very limited cleverness with a large stock of sympathy, some intuition, and care in observation will make up into a man or woman beloved beyond the ordinary. The great world needs more love rather than more culture, patience rather than asceticism, a strong faith in one's fellows more than an overweening confidence in oneself.

Here is a little funnigram for out-of-town readers. A certain stately and pompous gentleman arrived at home and enquired of the servant maid, "Do you know anything of your mistress's whereabouts?" "I think," said the maid, risking a guess at an unknown quantity, "that they're in the wash."

Last night a curious dream came into my slumbers, after I had supped not wisely but too well, and in the fullness of my heart (and elsewhere) had protested that I could be perfectly happy in a place which is not the Queen City. It seemed that all the people whom one hears eternally grumbling because they don't live in some other place than their home were allowed to choose and secure their own particular abode. Our city became congested with newly-arrived visitors. One's friends were away, some in England, some in Paris, some down South. Familiar windows had unfamiliar faces looking through them. The theaters were packed with a heterogeneous crowd who were bored, shocked, or delighted with what we philosophically accept as amusement. One heard criticism of many good and few bad features of city life, the telephone girls went out on strike for higher wages on account of the wear and tear of the newcomers. The papers were full of glee over this rush to some places or wailing over the desertion of others. Then slowly, there came a reaction and one by one, some old-timers sneaked back to their former abodes and our own absentees came apologetically back to Toronto, until I awoke with the cry of a dark porter in my ears to "get up, just twenty minutes to Union Station." I don't believe in my dream a bit, and cannot imagine what sent it my way.

A man said to me one day lately: "Having succeeded in my aims, got possession of everything I strove for and being at the top of the ladder, I can still only eat one dinner a day!" There was a whole world of disappointment and lack of inspiration in that whimsical statement, the tone of which has echoed down the ages through song and story, through prophet's plaint and cynic's cry. "One can only eat one dinner a day!" isn't the least use ordering two or three, as one sees so many doing in fatuous folly. "One can only eat one dinner a day." The others may be wasted, given away, or allowed to stand in mocking array, but only one is personally of use. Disentangle the truth from the motley, some of you, and make no mistake about the significance of the quaint utterance, "I can still only eat one dinner a day."

LADY GAY.

A Wail From Wiarthon.

HORRIBLE have been the tales of privation from such far-off towns as Kincardine, Seaforth and Walkerton. Seaforth was out of sugar and coal oil for several days and called in vain for kerosene. Kincardine was practically cut off from the rest of the Province for a season and began to wonder what a Toronto paper looked like. But Wiarthon has had all sorts of adversity, her woes culminating when the town paper could not be published because the sup-



A Mile from Wiarthon.
(Amateur photograph by J. I. Frank Anthes.)

ply of paper was exhausted. It is enough to bring tears to eyes all unused to weep when one considers the state of that community, for as the poet forgot to remark—

We may live without sermons—
They merely confuse.
But where is the man
Who can live without news?"

But the glad tidings comes from the member for Center Bruce that Kincardine has struggled back into daylight, Seaforth is to be congratulated on being able once more to light the parlor lamp, while Wiarthon is on the way to being dug out and given a reviving drink, ere the iron hand of Prohibition does away with the bar-nacles.

Understood.

Now that the restaurant under the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington city is closed for repairs, sandwiches only are being served. The guests of this famous place stand and eat their luncheon around a counter, but tables and chairs are still to be found behind the line of lunchers. A few days ago a very prominent Catholic gentleman entered and, ignoring the line of sandwichers, passed inside and took a chair at a table. A waiter approached him and asked:

"What will you have?" He bent over the guest with great deference.
"Fish, bread and butter, and coffee," replied the Catholic.
"I'm sorry, sah," replied the waiter, "but we are only serving ham sandwiches."
"Then you may bring me a ham sandwich and coffee," gravely returned the gentleman; "the Lord knows I asked for fish."



Driver Spence—Confound this cold weather! The water's froze and they've all slipped off but the Premier.

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The result is an absolutely perfect-fitting shoe, insuring comfort as has heretofore been only attainable by lucky chance in a few cases. Try a pair of "Dorothy Dodd" shoes before you are a day older.

Oxfords, \$3.00
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10 to 16 Colborne St. Toronto.

paths of unlawful pleasure, or fascinating slopes that lead down to Avernus; but that is all humbug. At the bottom of our respectable hearts we prefer the straight, wide, macadamized road that leads to the mill-millennium. We bear them. (But we do not like even our heavenly road to be too steep or too barren, like every body else, we have their defects.)

In religion also they keep to the via media, and are active church workers rather than devout mystics. The typical Midlander is either a sound churchman or an engaged agnostic; but he rarely leans either to Ritualism on the one hand or to Revivalism on the other. His religion—like everything about him—is marked with the Midland quality of moderation. He is not here, as elsewhere, he avoids extremes. He is the sort of man who would make an inferior hermit, but an admirable churchwarden—the type of person who would hopelessly bungle a miracle, but would successfully build and endow a church.

Even as regards time, the people of the Midlands keep to the middle way, avoiding on the one hand the morbid decadence of modern thought, and on the other the impractical superstition

The Bland Historian.

Agitated Chorus of Powers (to China)—You really mustn't interfere, you know!

China (wearing his business smile)—China has been busy much too long with chop. His composition war was about as biggie scrap-scrap. Him allel-lite. (Promptly despatches another telegram.)

thusiasm. His judgment must be convinced rather than his emotions roused; but when once it is convinced then he will strenuously uphold and untiringly fight for that which he considers right. Surely it was the yeomen of his native place that the greatest Midlander had in his mind when he

Wrote:

"And you good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England,
show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us
swear
That you are worth your breeding,
which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and
base
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the
slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's
afoot;
Follow your spirit, and upon this
charge
Cry—'God for Harry! England! and
Saint George!'"

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

BEF

Open the tin, turn out, and
you have a most nourish-

ing and wholesome dish which retains all the virtues of Prime Roast Beef. Clark's name guarantees

"No matter how wretched we are, we hold that our lot is not a bad one, and we pity someone worse off. In a storm at sea one night two sailors, their clothing frozen to their bodies, hung to a rope as the waves washed over them.

"I say, Bill," says one.

"I say, Bill," says the other.

the quality.

W. CLARK, MFR., MONTREAL.

One and Only.

Roxley—I hear you are engaged to marry Miss Oldgold, the belle.

Shortun—That's right.
Roxley—Any encumbrances on her property?
Shortun—None—or except Miss Oldgold.—"Illustrated Bits."



Women's Voices.

Windsor Salt is as pure and as white as driven snow. There are no impurities or black specks in it—it is *all salt*. You hear this everywhere, "As pure and white as Windsor

"Women's voices are no longer low and sweet," says Lady Violet Greville, in the London "Graphic," "whether in trains, omnibuses, clubs, hotels, or theaters women talk loudly and shrilly. They can be heard at the other end of a room, and domestic concerns of a

purely personal nature are, in spite of one's efforts, being constantly overheard. The tones, too, of the voice are

◆◆◆◆◆ Salt ◆◆◆◆◆



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The Son of Mary Queen of Scots.

JAMES I. began to reign with the idea that kings possessed a divine right. That is to say, that the gospel according to James was an entirely new thing, and that when a king said it was so, why, then it was so even if it wasn't so. This doctrine landed him in a good deal of trouble that was quite uncalled for on his part, but for which he was entirely to blame. You have to be a very strong man indeed if you want to make people agree with you, whether you're right or wrong. It is a position that needs a great deal of pushing and killing and other unnecessary pursuits, and even then you may get downed at the finish before you're reached your goal.

Having finished our little sermon, we will now proceed to take an incident or so in the reign of James. This unhappy faculty of considering that the King was always right led to a great number of conspiracies against the Throne. Now and again the other side would have a strong opinion that they, too, were right, and as the scientists say, when an irresistible force meets an immovable body, something's got to go, anyway. The best known of these conspiracies is known in history as the Gunpowder Plot, an affair which has done much to stimulate the home trade in masks and fireworks. But for the Gunpowder Plot little boys would have no inducement nowadays to black their faces and to walk round caddling for halfpennies on the strength of being in a humble way, instrumental in saving the King and the Parlyment from disaster.

Guy Fawkes was invited to do the job. Guy was an adventurer who was prepared to take on anything with a bit of danger in it; and the Gunpowder Plot suited him down to the ground. He had been fighting in Holland for a good many years; but as things were arranged in those days you could only kill one man at a time, and that was rather slow work for a really thorough sportsman. When he was asked to blow up the Houses of Parliament, and realized that he could wipe out a couple of hundred of people at one splash, Guy said to the conspirators that he was their man, and they could consider it a go. He made his preparations most elaborately, and was ready to apply the fatal match when some people who had come to watch his movements intimated that the gaff was blown. A few moments later Guy was downed by a couple of soldiers and securely handcuffed, and he was then dragged off to the King's presence. As a matter of fact, the King was at home in bed at that particular moment, so that he wouldn't have been hurt by the explosion, anyway. When the King was informed that a conspirator was being dragged in by the neck, his Majesty wanted to know whether they couldn't lay the conspirator on ice so that he would keep fresh till the morning. Finding that his presence was absolutely necessary, however, his Majesty strolled down to the throne room in his dressing gown and one sock, and told Guy he ought to be ashamed of himself for making a conspiracy at that hour of the night, when all decent people were in bed and asleep. Guy said he was awfully sorry, but he had to obey his orders. That gave James the idea of asking Guy where the orders came from. Guy, however, was a sport to the backbone, and he declined to split. James said it was a dreadful nuisance, but he supposed they would have to get the torturing machinery out in order to wrench the truth from the prisoner. While they were waiting for the special apparatus, somebody dropped a few live coals down Guy's back with the view of compelling him to speak. Guy then spoke, and James said he had never heard such language in his life; and one of the Bishops, who never missed a good thing like this, had to stop his ears with his fingers in order to dodge some of Guy's coruscating vocabulary.

As Guy remained obdurate the instruments of torture were rushed in, and while one of the party crushed the prisoner's toes one by one with a toe-twister, another began to flay him alive with a two-bladed penknife with a corkscrew in it. Unfortunately for those who had gathered in anticipation of a good evening's sport, Guy didn't last out long enough to satisfy the house. He had the bad taste to die just as the entertainers were tossing up to see who should have the delightful job of cutting off the prisoner's feet with a blunt saw. Considering that it is highly probable that one at least of the men who had employed Guy helped to betray him to the authorities, Guy's refusal to divulge any names, even under stress of cruel torture, must surely rank as a splendid thing in the annals of heroism. Yet the best that posterity can think of to say of him is—hang him on a lamp-post, and there let him die!

One of the remarkable things in

James' life is that he never had any desire to have a go at the French, or, indeed, at anybody else. As the crowns of England and Scotland were united in himself, he had no reason to have a war with the Scots, and so he stayed at home and toasted his feet on the fender instead. He had a little domestic trouble with his wife Anne; but as the evening papers of the period were not allowed to get hold of the news, the court managed to hush everything up most successfully. After all, the worst that is known against Anne is that she was very frivolous and excessively gay, and it is more than likely that she always erred on the right side, so to speak. The probability is that she was a jolly girl, full of healthy animal spirits; and some crotchety old historian, who had liver complaint and chronic gout, was worried to find that she could be a queen and still moderately happy. Contrary to the expressed wish and desire of his enemies, James died in his bed, and his end was peace. —"Pick-Me-Up."

The Frog's Biography.

(By a recent decision of U. S. Customs' authorities, frogs' legs, for importation, are to be classed as dressed poultry.)

As fish he is born, yet with expectation Of viewing this world from a dry situation.

And while without limbs He gracefully swims, With voice shrill and harsh, He dreams and the trend of his high aspiration.

(Although he is fond Of life in the pond, Is ever directed upon emigration.

His wishes are granted: a great transformation Has placed the fish in a higher location; And quitting the marsh, With voice shrill and harsh, He proclaims to the world that through transmigration

A fish no longer, But bigger and stronger, His life is renewed in the quadruped station.

Still, though he enjoys the new sequestration, Ambition points higher to his destination. So he essays to show The world he can crow, But his efforts all fail to receive acclamation.

The world, as a joke, Takes his harsh-sounding croak, Which was meant to produce a most pleasant sensation.

But we never can tell what fluctuation Of fortune will save us from degradation; And so with the frog, He's traveling inco.

As POULTRY: The Customs, by grave declaration, Treat him as a bird, And thus, stage the third, In fish, flesh and fowl, his triple relation.

—R. E. Cringan.

Suicides Are All Dyspeptics.

Terrible Despondency the Worst Feature of Stomach Trouble—Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets the Safeguard and Cure.

The pains and aches of indigestion are the smallest part of it. It is the despondency the disease breeds that makes it such a fearful menace to the human race. It is said by an expert that if the stomach of every suicide were examined it would be found every one of them was a dyspeptic.

A dyspeptic loses confidence in himself; loses hope for the future. He just wants to give up. Take the case of Hene Trudel, a student of Three Rivers, Que. He says:

"My indigestion made alarming progress, to the extent that I was discouraged and weak. Every day saw me in despair. I was resolved to give up my studies."

But Mr. Trudel did not give up his studies; he used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. Listen to what he says of the result:

"To-day I have no headache, no pain, no weariness. I am cured. I continue, however, to take Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets in order to prevent a return of my terrible trouble. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have brought sunshine into my life."

The Provost of T.C.D.

BY the death of the Rev. George Salmon, D.D., provost of Trinity College, Dublin has lost a familiar and notable character. About Grafton street and College Green he was equally well known to the newsmen who worried him for halfpence, and to the police, whom he worried by the responsibility of protecting him from his own abstractions.

In 1888 Dr. Salmon exchanged the quiet of a semi-suburban dwelling for the somewhat gloomy magnificence of Provost's House, which was an exact reproduction of Burlington House in Piccadilly. His predecessor, Dr. Jel-



Spring Purity

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Ask for Carling's Ale—accept no other, because no other is quite so good.

Carling's Ale

The Ale that's Always Pure

lett, had belonged to the old school of courtly and political provosts, and had filled the great house with noble and distinguished guests, as had been done in the old days when the provost of Trinity was hardly second to the viceroy himself. Dr. Jellett always reminded me of the glories of pre-Union days. He was very tall, lean and handsome, and as highly as was a great college don can be. In his time the proverb was that no undergraduate was ever heard to say that he had been "talking with the provost," but his bow when you doffed your mortar-board to him was a revelation of grace and courtesy, none the less that you knew he was quite unaware of your identity and always would be.

When I heard the bell tolling in the Campanile and knew that the fine courtier was dead, I felt—and so, I think, did we all—that T.C.D. had suffered an eclipse. We gathered in groups in the quadrangles and whispered about him, as we should have done in his presence, as to his possible successor. There was only one name, and that was Salmon, and the learned, of whom I was not one, spoke of "Conic Sections" and of "Higher Plane Curves" and "Geometry of Three Dimensions," while the bell overhead kept its slow solemn time.

Now that same bell has scarcely ceased tolling for another provost of T.C.D. Dr. Salmon was as different as it is possible to imagine from his predecessor, and yet he had some points of resemblance. Although you missed the courtly bow which greeted your humble salutation, and went on smiling to think that the provost had no leisure to think of matters sublimity, you were very quickly brought to your senses if you neglected any portion of college etiquette. I can well remember fleeing from his room in dismay before his rebuke: "How dare you, sir, come to me without your academic dress?"

He had a keen sense of humor, having been born in Dublin and reared in the Emerald Isle, and the environment of the undergraduate was unfortunately debared.

When he was moving from his old rooms into Provost's House one of the fellows of the college helped him to sift the wheat from the chaff amongst Yale books. One book was thrown upon the heap of the condemned.

"What is that?" asked the new provost.

"Only T— on 'Conic Sections,'" was the reply.

"T—?" exclaimed Dr. Salmon. "I would not lose him for five pounds."

"Oh!" said the other, who was a musical man, "I didn't think it any good."

"Good! Why, I love the fellow. T— was the first man that ever stole from me. And the book went in amongst the selected."

Of Dr. Salmon's absent-mindedness many stories are told. On one occasion Dr. Salmon was crossing Sackville street when he collided with an errand cow. He took off his hat, bowed, and apologized profusely, only discovering his mistake when his apologies met with no response. A little while later, rescuing a small friend in his mind, needed quick meditations, he jostled a lady. "Is it you again, you brute!" cried the frate provost, and walked angrily away.

He was several times knocked down crossing the street from his bookseller's, but escaped comparatively unhurt.

He hated the electric trams, and once threatened a conductor with prosecution because he dragged him, at some risk to himself, from before an incoming tram.

Musical, and of which he was no mean judge, and chess were Dr. Salmon's relaxations, and for many years it was the rule that he should play the winner in the college chess competition, whom up to about ten years ago he invariably beat. Since then he has played no more.

He has been a most uncompromising opponent of the proposal to admit women to degrees in the university, and it is a strange coincidence that the news of Dr. Salmon's death closely follows the report that the King has sent a letter to the board authorizing their admission.

Dr. Salmon had many and great distinctions. Amongst others he was a fellow of the British Academy and held the Royal and Copley medals of the Royal Society. In 1878 he was president of the Mathematical and Physical Section of the British Association. In his later years he had abandoned science for divinity, and his last published work a couple of years ago is a volume of "Cathedral and University

Sermons." But of such things I have no right to speak—others know them better than I. Yet I remember the kindly, austere and abstracted face and hear the college bell, tolling, tolling the years of my youth away.—H. A. H. in London "Outlook."

A Mild and Unexpected Retort.

Senator Tillman was taking to some reporters about the efficacy of mildness in debate.

"One can't be too mild," he said, "and one gets on especially well if, along with one's mildness, there goes some rare and unexpected quality. To be mild and at the same time unexpected is, usually, to succeed."

"Here is an instance of what I mean: 'At the end of a theatrical performance one man turned to another and cried in a harsh, grating voice: "Look here, you have sat on my silk hat. It is ruined." The other looked at the silk hat. It was indeed a wreck. He said: "I am sorry. This is too bad. But," he added, "it might have been worse." "How might it have been worse?" exclaimed the first man with an oath. "The answer then given was an excellent example of mildness coupled with unexpectedness. It was: "I might have sat on my own hat."'"

The Latest Disease.

The latest disease to bring joy to the medical fraternity is called "humoritis," which at first sight conveys the idea of an affliction associated in some remote way with the funny man. It is nothing so dreadful, however, being merely a lopsidedness of the shoulder, occasioned, so it is conjectured, by hanging on to the straps of crowded tram-cars. To equalize matters, it would appear that persons addicted to this habit would be well advised to use alternate hands, for it is obvious that humoritis is not the sort of complaint that purple pills for pink persons will be able to wrestle with.

Walter, the ferocious Bang. Victim of the crowded car. By the strap he'd always hang. Wierdly perpendicular. When a car was crowded up. On it he would wildly jump. Now he drinks from sorrow's cup—Jeremiah's got the hump.

Dickens and the Pickpocket.

When Dickens and his manager, Dolby, were touring America in 1867, the two Englishmen were frequently bewildered by the intricacies of our traveling system. Railroad and steamboat tickets, omnibus passes and baggage checks accumulated in their pockets as the journey progressed. It was strenuous business to keep track of them, especially confusing after the simple routine of travel in Europe. Dickens took charge of the paraphernalia, and his companion was at the mercy of the author's absent-mindedness.

Often Dolby would rouse Dickens from a trance of reverie with the excited exclamation: "Here is the ticket collector." or "Here is the man to collect our checks," or again, on the omnibus, "Here is the man to collect our fare." A hurried search through Dickens' pockets would follow, and as often as not whatever was required would be missing, and complications would arise. They took it good-humoredly, and it was a standing jest between them that America was overrun with collectors. Walters at hotels were tip collectors, and newspaper reporters collectors of interviews.

On their arrival in Boston there was great excitement in the crowd at the

The Joy of Living

Life to the normal, healthy, Canadian boy or girl should be a continual joy. If it is not, then there is something wrong. There is a lack of proper development, consequently the blood is thin, the nerves unstrung, the muscles soft and flabby, vitality low and the capacity for enjoying life at a very low ebb. Moreover, there is constant danger of attack from Consumption, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, La Grippe and all kinds of Lung Trouble. If your boy or girl is in this condition, do not treat the matter lightly, lose no time in putting matters right. In you will find the

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lect our checks," or again, on the omnibus, "Here is the man to collect our fare." A hurried search through Dickens' pockets would follow, and as often as not whatever was required would be missing, and complications would arise. They took it good-humoredly, and it was a standing jest between them that America was overrun with collectors. Walters at hotels were tip collectors, and newspaper reporters collectors of interviews.

depot. A pickpocket had just been captured by the police, and persons who had been robbed were noisily claiming to the jewelry found in the thief's possession. Dolby, who had left the train last, did not at first sight understand what had happened.

"What's the row about?" he enquired of the novelist.

"It's merely the shirt-stud and watch collector," replied Dickens in a bored tone.

Modern medicinal science has agreed that natural remedial agents are most efficacious when properly applied. The "St. Catharines Well" is one of Nature's boons to tired humanity. At "The Welland" will be found an ideal resort for the tired brain worker, or the sufferer from the ills of life. Sun parlors, roof promenade and beautiful surroundings. Before going south to expensive resorts secure a booklet from "The Welland," St. Catharines, or G. T. Bell, general passenger agent of Grand Trunk Railway, Montreal, Que.

World's Fair St. Louis, Mo. April 30th-Dec. 1, 1904.

Fifty million dollars (\$50,000,000) is the cost of this great exposition. Over 500 distinct buildings. Almost every foreign nation has a pavilion, and each State a club house. Canada's building is finished, and the Grand Trunk will have a fine exhibit. Fifteen of the buildings are giants, as shown by the dimensions. It will no doubt be the last great exposition held in America for a long time. It will be worth a year's education to your son and daughter to visit. The Grand Trunk have arranged to allow a stop-over at any Canadian station and at Detroit and Chicago on the excursion tickets, which will be placed on sale April 25 and continue for the season. Fifteen-day tickets will be sold at single fare. 30-day tickets at fare and one-third, and good until December 15 at 80 per cent. of double one-way rates. Full information on application to Grand Trunk agents, or J. D. McDonald, district passenger agent, Toronto.

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Social and Personal.

Mrs. Henry Macaulay of Dawson, formerly of Victoria, B.C., is visiting relatives in Toronto.

A very pleasant gathering took place on Thursday evening at the residence of Mr. T. E. Robertson, 116 Bedford road, when twenty couples sat down to progressive euchre. In welcoming her guests Mrs. Robertson was ably assisted by her sister, Mrs. Edith Beynon of Euclid avenue. The rooms were bright and pretty, with softly-shaded lights and cut flowers, and open-grate fires added comfort to the scene. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Argue, Mr. and Mrs. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. McGillivray Knowles, Mrs. Dr. Hodgson Lockport, Miss Massey, Mr. Massey, Mr. A. C. Williamson, Mr. W. S. Williamson, Mr. Riley, Miss Marter, Dr. Adams, Miss Currie, and Mr. and Mrs. Marten.

A correspondent writes: "The dinner tendered Lieutenant-Colonel George T. Evans by the officers of his regiment at the Elliott House on Friday evening, March 12, was an event which will remain green in the memories of all present for years to come. Colonel Evans' term of office has just expired, and it is doubtful if there is another officer in the Canadian militia who enjoys the same distinction as he, with a record of thirty-seven years' continuous service in the same regiment, from bugle to commanding officer. During the evening a photo of the gallant colonel, taken at Niagara as a bugler thirty-seven years ago, was passed around for inspection, and all agreed he was a 'bully bugler.' Major Wellington Wallace was in the chair, and made an excellent toastmaster. The toast to the King was received with cheers. The toast to 'The Canadian Militia' was responded to by Lieutenant-Colonel James Mason in his usual soldierly and businesslike way. The toast to 'The Staff of Military District No. 2' was responded to by Lieutenant-Colonel Surgeon Nattrass and Lieutenant-Colonel Galloway. The toast 'Our Guest' brought out a speech from Colonel Evans that won the admiration of all. The stirring qualities of the man and soldier were shown alike. Although a young man the colonel has put in thirty-seven years' service and has not had enough. That he will be a brigadier is the sincerest wish of all his brother officers and friends. Immediately following this toast Colonel Evans was made an honorary member of the mess of the 36th Peel Regiment for life and presented with a gold-headed cane suitably engraved. 'Our Sister Corps' was responded to by Major Henderson of the 48th Highlanders, and a few hints to young officers were given by him. (Copies may be secured upon application to the major.) Captain William Cowan of the Army Service Corps, in a few well-chosen words, promised good grub and plenty of it at future camps of instruction. The toast to the ladies was responded to by Captain W. A. Smith and Lieutenant D. F. McKinley. How the former knew so little and the latter so much of the matter of speculation among their brother officers, and it may require a board of enquiry at the coming camps to settle the question. The health of the new commanding officer, Major Wellington Wallace, was drunk, and every assurance given him of the hearty support of his officers. Songs were rendered during the evening by Colonel Galloway, Captain Cowan and Captain Beckett. Lieutenant A. Boddy, who has just returned from service in West Africa, was greatly enjoyed in a few reminiscences. 'God Save the King' and 'For Auld Lang Syne' brought the evening to a close."

Mrs. Herbert Jarvis of Ontario street is to spend Easter out of town, and will receive for the last time this season on next Monday afternoon.

Mr. McCowan, a popular young soldier from Ottawa, is to take a course at Stanley Barracks this spring.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McLeod are two more Torontonians who have gone to Pinehurst, N.C., for a short visit.

Mrs. Gordon Corbould of New Westminster, B.C., is visiting relatives in Sherbourne street.

The Domestic Art Department of the Conservatory School of Literature and Expression is giving a studio tea on Monday next.

The new operating room and elevator in St. John's Hospital for Women are objects ardently desired and being worked for by friends of the hospital. Three thousand dollars, of which nearly half has been already subscribed, are needed for these quite necessary things. A fete in St. James' Cathedral Schoolhouse is being arranged for Wednesday and Thursday, May 4 and 5, with special children's matinees from 3 to 6 o'clock. Admission and lunch on or high tea will cost the modest quarter. Each evening a comedietta will be performed, under the direction of Mrs. Grayson Smith, and in addition are to be booths for work, candles, ice cream, checking parcels, five o'clock tea, an advertising booth, a box stall, an orange tree and a Punch and Judy, of which the following ladies have promised to take charge: Mrs. Lionel Clarke, Mrs. C. C. Smith, Mrs. R. Gamble, Mrs. F. Hodgins, Mrs. A. M. Piper, Mrs. A. Langmuir, Mrs.



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The question of precedence, which has kept Lady Dundonald away from Canada since her husband was appointed G.O.C., is to an unformed person. Like many a one of our people, great foolishness. Speaking of the Drawing-room, a newspaper reporter says: "I hope to goodness Lord Dundonald preceded Sir Charles Parsons." Lord Dundonald was preceded by several frisky newspaper reporters. Also, a good long way off by the chunky, black-haired son of the Duke of Devonshire, but then Lord Dundonald came in with the hot polloi because he was late in reaching the House and missed his only official place. Sir Charles Parsons had a good forty-five minutes the start of him, but there was more than one who stood about the throne who would happily have consented to spend the time in the crowded corridor with the quiet, distinguished-looking soldier and noble gentleman, who has stolen from tardy femininity her sacred prerogative as well as her usual excuse.

The marriage of Miss Bertha Hatzfeld, only daughter of Mrs. Anna Hatzfeld, and Mr. W. Oliphant Bell was celebrated by Rev. W. J. Brian of Holy Trinity at the residence of Mrs. Hatzfeld on Wednesday at two o'clock. Miss Hatzfeld wore white mousseline de soie, over silk, with insertions of Valenciennes, a coronet of real orange blossoms and a veil of tulle, and carried a shower of white roses and ferns. Mr. John Freysing, her uncle, gave her away. Miss Isabelle Anderson was bridesmaid and Mr. Martin of Albany best man. Mr. and Mrs. Bell left on the afternoon train for New York, the bride going away in a dark green cloth travelling suit and a toque of bismarck. Friends of the bride, mother of the bride, wore black satin brocade at the ceremony and reception, and carried sunset roses.

Invitations are out for the Machine Gun and Signal Corps' dance in the Temple ballroom on April 5, and a great deal of interest is being shown by the fair friends of the young men in the event.

The St. George's hockey team are arranging for a dance in McConkey's ballroom early in April.

Among the Canadians in Rome, Italy, at present are Mrs. Robert J. Allan of Toronto, Lady Macdonald of Montreal, Dr. and Mrs. Tyler of Halifax. Rome has never before been so crowded at this time of the year, and elaborate preparations are being made for the bright Easter celebrations.

Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt, Bloor street, entertained Mr. Mahaffy, the member for Muskoka, and Mrs. Mahaffy at dinner last evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward D. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. William Y. Warren, Mrs. H. Hennig, Mrs. W. H. Foster, Mr. J. Jones, Mrs. Jones, Miss Jones of Buffalo, Mrs. W. H. Henry, Miss Jessie Webber, Mr. James Hedley, Mr. J. Doran, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Pratt, Mrs. W. B. Maclean, Mrs. F. H. Gooch, Mrs. E. M. Chadwick, Mrs. Robert Smith, Miss McAndrew, Mr. R. H. Matson, Dr. Arthur J. and Mrs. Johnson, Mr. D. Blain, Mr. James W. Blain of Toronto, Mrs. A. Bell of Montreal, Mrs. B. F. Ackerman, Miss Ackerman of Peterborough, Mrs. Hugh C. Baker, Mrs. Walter P. Chapman, Mrs. T. Patterson, Olive Patterson of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Fleury and Miss Fleury of Aurora, Mrs. Rough of Winnipeg, Mr. W. C. McCall of Simcoe, Miss Zoe Farrar of Erie, are among guests recently registered at the Weland, St. Catharines.

At the last meeting of the Tennyson Club, in Annesley Hall, Dr. Armstrong Black delighted the members and their friends with a lecture, "The Arthurian Element in Tennyson." Dr. Black's excellent literary judgment and exquisite discernment of true poetry were never more in evidence than in this interpretation of Tennyson's ideal King Arthur.

At a very smart carnival given at the Aberdeen Pavilion, a huge rink at the Exhibition Grounds, Ottawa, on Monday evening, the Governor-General and Lady Minto appeared with a party from Government House as a "Hungarian Court." Lord Minto was in dark green velvet, with Hungarian jacket and high hat, with aigrette, trimmed with rich dark fur. Lady Minto was in pale blue, and looked lovely in Hungarian head gear. Her skating, with a certain Dutch peasant on one side and Menager, the professional on the other, was watched by her favorite figure being performed in most swift and dashing style. Lady Eileen was in white, her mignon face looking very sweet under her high Hungarian cap. Mr. E. J. Clouston and his elder daughter were guests in Rideau Hall and came in costume. The younger Miss Clouston did not skate. Colonel Denny, the popular chief of the Corps of Guides was the costume of a Chinese General on parade, quite a wonderful garb with a helmet gorgeously high, and his complexion yellowed to a necty, and wearing thin, drooping black mustache. The makeup was delightfully correct. Mrs. Denny was a Chinese lady, and not being a skater, trotted on her Chinese shoes beside her towering lord in a very cute and pretty way. Colonel Denny won the prize from hundreds of fine costumes. Miss Rona King, a beautiful little maid in a tiny royal blue cap, short skirt, and jockey shirt and sash won the lady's prize. Miss Eva Miles of Toronto was in costume and several Toronto guests looked on. Mrs. Bob Fleming had a beauty corner of Indian hours, and sarees of bright colored gauze and costumes only suited to their graceful forms. In a box were Mrs. Nesbitt, Miss Sovereign and Mrs. Agar Adamson.

One of last week's pleasant little teas was given by Mrs. Tyrrell of Sherbourne street for her guest, Mrs. Stinson Jarvis. Miss Amy Dupont and Miss Maile Tyrrell poured tea. The guests were Mrs. H. O'Brien, Mrs. Cattanch, Miss Hoyles, Mrs. H. M. Pellatt, Mrs. J. M. Maclellan, Miss H. Durie, Mrs. Wickham, Miss Veale, Mrs. C. D. Warren, Mrs. Harley Roberts, Mrs. Baillie, Mrs. Donald Edwards, Mrs. Sutherland MacKlem.

Mrs. Harry O'Brien of Ottawa has returned from a visit in England.

Mrs. Denison of Sandhurst entertained the West End Euchre Club on March 10th. Seven tables were arranged. Miss Hazel Wright and Mr. Adam Marks won the prize.

An excellent vocal recital was given by pupils of Mrs. J. W. Bradley in the Conservatory Music Hall last Saturday evening. The occasion introduced some new singers, but although making a first appearance, their work was highly creditable, the enunciation and

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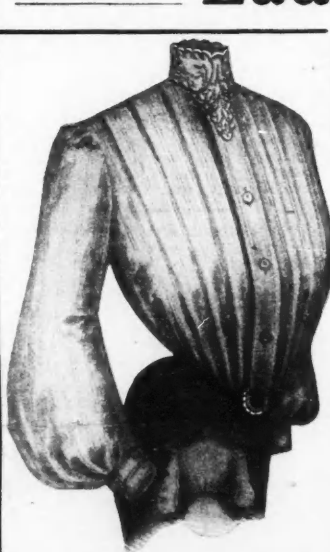
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assisted by Miss Ada Snider, pupil of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, and Mr. Walter Hungerford, pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt.

Alfred De Seve.

Musical Canada has produced many notable artists that have gained worldwide fame. The photo on our title page is an excellent likeness of the great Alfred De Seve, the eminent violinist, who lately purchased the \$5,000 Andress Guarnerius violin from the R. S. Williams & Sons Company, 143 Yonge street, who own the celebrated Williams' collection of rare old violins. At an early age young De Seve went to Paris to study, when he was for a time in the Conservatory, but for the most part under private instruction from

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NOTICE.

A General Meeting of the Stockholders of The Sheppard Publishing Company, Limited, will be held at the hour of 3 p.m. on Wednesday, March 30, next, at the offices of the Company, SATURDAY NIGHT Building, 40 Adelaide Street West, for the purposes of receiving the annual statement of the affairs of the company, electing officers for the ensuing year, and such other business as may be brought before the meeting. By order.

R. BUTCHART, Sec. Treas.

Toronto, March 17th, 1904.

four distinguished violinists—Sarasate, Leonardi, Massart, and Vieuxtemps. After a long absence he returned to Canada, where the public gave him a welcome such as is rarely accorded to a prophet in his own country. However, the country across the border presented a greater field for an artist of Mr. De Seve's standing, so he decided to go to Boston, where he first met and played before Ole Bull, who highly and warmly complimented him. His welcome in that city was so great that he decided to stay, and he at once rose to a most enviable position, both as solo violinist and teacher. For many years he appeared as soloist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, besides being concert master of the Boston Philharmonic Orchestra, solo violinist and leader of the Boston Philharmonic Club, solo violinist and leader of Boston Symphony Orchestra Club. Now, after seventeen years, he has returned to his native city, Montreal, P.Q., Canada.

Very pretty and dainty, very stylish and artistic, is the display of beautiful spring millinery and costumes at Boeckh, Bloem & Co., 110 King street west. Their opening was successful beyond all expectation; the weather was delightful and the chic parlors were crowded all day with enthusiastic visitors.

